

# THE ROUND TABLE.

A SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND ART.

No. 55.—VOL. IV.

New York, September 22, 1866.

Price \$6 a Year, in Advance  
Single Copies, 15 Cents

## Contents of No. LV.

Let Mr. Johnson Resign, . . . 115	Life of Robert Owen, . . . 122
The Currency Question, . . . 116	The Hidden Sin, . . . 123
Puffing Puffed Publications, . . . 116	How I Managed My House, etc., . . . 123
Balls that are not Irish, . . . 117	Moreton Hall, . . . 123
Cigars and Pipes, . . . 118	
CORRESPONDENCE:	ART:
London, . . . 119	Art Notes, . . . 124
Boston, . . . 120	
LETTER TO THE EDITOR:	LITERARIANA, . . . 124
The Royal Hibernian Society, . . . 120	PERSONAL, . . . 125
REVIEWS:	ANNOUNCEMENTS, . . . 125
The Crisis of Rome, . . . 121	NOTES AND QUERIES, . . . 125

## WASHINGTON IRVING.

"The writings of Irving were never more popular with readers of cultivated taste than at this time. They grow mellow and ripe with age, like old wine, and have an Attic flavor which no discriminating reader can fail to relish."—*Rochester Express*.

## HURD & HOUGHTON

(FOR G. P. PUTNAM),

459 BROOME STREET, NEW YORK.

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

## SPANISH PAPERS AND OTHER MISCELLANIES,

Hitherto Unpublished or Uncollected. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Arranged and edited by PIERRE M. IRVING. In 2 vols. crown 8vo, containing nearly 1,000 pages, with a portrait in fac-simile of the drawing by Wilkie, taken in Spain. Uniform with the Sunnyside edition of Irving's Works. Cloth. Price \$5.

## HURD & HOUGHTON

HAVE ALSO NOW READY

## NEW EDITIONS OF IRVING'S WORKS.

THE COMPLETE SET.—Sunnyside edition, printed on tinted paper and containing numerous illustrations on steel and wood. In twenty-eight volumes crown 8vo.  
Price in extra crape cloth, per set, \$70 00  
" half calf, gilt or antique, 112 00  
" extra cloth, per volume, 2 50

LIFE OF WASHINGTON.—Sunnyside edition, with numerous illustrations. In five volumes crown 8vo.  
Price in extra cloth, new style, \$12 50  
" half calf, gilt or antique, 20 00

LIFE AND LETTERS OF WASHINGTON IRVING. By his nephew, Pierre M. Irving. Sunnyside edition. In four volumes crown 8vo.  
Price in extra cloth, new style, \$10 00  
" half calf, gilt or antique, 16 00

## NEW DANCE MUSIC.

FIVE O'CLOCK GALOP. By J. M. Lander. Price 40 cents. Beautifully arranged by the successor of the lamented Helmsmüller, introducing the very popular melody Five O'clock in the Morning.  
FIREWORK POLKA. By Thomas Baker. Price 50 cents. Played with great success at the Olympic Theater.  
DELTA PHI GALOP. By J. M. Lander. Price 50 cents. Dedicated to Gamma Chapter, Columbia College, N. Y.  
CLONIAN GALOP. Composed for and dedicated to the officers and members of the Clonian Society of the College of the City of New York. By William G. Simmons. Price 50 cents.  
HOPI HOPI GALOP MILITAIRE. By Victor Molard. Price 50 cents. One of the most beautiful galops yet published.  
THE THREE GUARDSMEN WALTZ. By Thomas Baker. 50 cents. Arranged on Mrs. John Wood's popular Romanza, "I loved him at first sight." Played by the orchestra of the Olympic Theater with immense effect.  
WEARING OF THE GREEN GALOP. By Thomas Baker. Price 35 cents. Introducing the well-known Irish song of the same name.  
Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of marked price.

WM. A. POND & CO.,  
547 Broadway, New York.

## STANDARD AND POPULAR LITERATURE FOR ALL READERS.

1. THE ORATORICAL YEAR BOOK FOR 1865, being a collection of the best COTEMPORARY SPEECHES delivered in Parliament, at the Bar, and on the Platform. Edited by Alsayer Hay Hill, LL.B. Crown 8vo, cloth, \$3 75.  
2. A REFERENCE BOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY, containing Tables of Chronology, Genealogy, Dictionary of Battles, Lines of Biography, and a brief account of the English Constitution, from Invasion of Julius Caesar to 1866. By A. C. Ewald. Crown 8vo, cloth, \$1 25.  
3. POPULAR READINGS IN PROSE AND VERSE, for Business Men, Literary Societies, and General Readers, selected from standard authors of all countries. By J. E. Carpenter. 3 vols. crown 8vo, cloth, \$6 75.

## 4. USEFUL BOOKS. Each in 16mo, 11mp cloth:

1. PLAIN RULES FOR THE STABLE. By Professor Garngue, Sr., and Prof. John Garngue. 50 cents.  
2. FISH, AND HOW TO COOK IT. By Elizabeth Watts. 50 cents.  
3. OUR COMMON FRUITS: A Description of all Cultivated or Consumed in Great Britain. By Mrs. Bayle Bernard, with colored frontispiece. \$1.  
4. THE MODERN GYMNASIUM. By Charles Spencer. With 120 Practical Illustrations. 50 cents.  
5. THE MONEY MARKET: What it is, What it Does, and How it is Managed. By Henry Noel Fearn, F.R.S. 50 cents.

5. THE TAXIDERMIST'S MANUAL; OR, THE ART OF COLLECTING, PREPARING, AND PRESERVING OBJECTS OF NATURAL HISTORY. Designed for the use of Travelers, Conservators of Museums, and Private Collectors. By Captain Thomas Brown. With 6 plates. 16mo, cloth, \$1 25.

## 6. BIJOU BOOKS: USEFUL MANUALS ON ALL SUBJECTS. In 48mo, cloth gilt and gilt edges, with colored frontispiece, illustrative diagrams, etc. 30 cents each.

1. VENTRILOQUISM MADE EASY. By F. Hardy.  
2. FUN AND FLIRTATION FORFEITS, for Evening Amusement.  
3. ETIQUETTE FOR LADIES. By a Committee of Ladies.  
4. ETIQUETTE FOR GENTLEMEN. By a Committee of Gentlemen.  
5. THE BALL ROOM GUIDE.  
6. ETIQUETTE OF THE TOILET.  
7. THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS. Edited by L. V.  
8. LONDON IN MINIATURE.  
9. ARCHERY. By J. B. Hancock.  
10. BILLIARDS (THE A B C OF). By F. Hardy.  
11. SWIMMING (THE A B C OF). By the Rev. J. G. Wood.  
12. ELEMENTARY GYMNASTICS. By E. L. Burgess.  
13. CRICKET. By F. Wood.  
14. CROQUET. By the Rev. J. G. Wood.  
15. CHESS. By F. Hardy.

The above were all prepared by competent authors expressly for this series.

The above, together with a great variety of NEW BOOKS in all branches of Literature, for sale at Wholesale and Retail by

SCRIBNER, WELFORD & CO.,  
654 Broadway, New York.

READY OCTOBER 1ST.

## VOL. IX.—BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.,  
110 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

"His story, vaguely understood and imperfectly appreciated before, now stands out in clear and pathetic relief—one of the most beautiful in the whole range of the lives of authors and annals of genius."—*Boston Transcript*.

## CHARLES LAMB: A MEMOIR.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

"Full of grace and sweet thought, and grave glad memories, and deep earnestness."—*Athenæum*.

"Very full, very clear, and very free from all the defects of modern biographies."—*Spectator*.

"Strength of simplicity, with fine perception of the truths of life, and delicate skill in expression, give a rare charm to this memoir of Charles Lamb."—*Examiner*.

"It is tenderly and delicately written, enriched with excellent criticism."—*London Review*.

In one handsome 16mo volume, with profile portrait of Lamb. Price \$1 75.

Sold by all Booksellers, and mailed, post-paid, by the publishers,

ROBERTS BROTHERS,  
BOSTON.

## A REMARKABLE ROMANCE.

## D. APPLETON & COMPANY,

443 AND 445 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

PUBLISH THIS DAY

## FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS COURT:

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY L. MUHLBACH, AUTHOR OF "JOSEPH II. AND HIS COURT."

Translated from the German by Mrs. Chapman Coleman and her Daughters.

1 vol. 12mo. Price \$2.

"Frederick the Great and His Court" ranks in the first class of modern novels. The prominent characters of that celebrated period are drawn with great vigor and accuracy; and the maneuvers and intrigues in the domestic life of the Court, with the brilliant scenes in the early career of the King, are described by the eloquent and powerful pen of one who is evidently familiar with royal life at home.

## CONTENTS.

The Queen Sophia Dorothea; Frederick William I.; The Tobacco Club; Air-castles; Father and Son; The White Saloon; The Maid of Honor and the Gardener; Von Manteuffel, the Diplomat; Frederick, the Prince Royal; The Prince Royal and the Jew; The Princess Royal Elizabeth Christine; The Poem; The Banquet; Le Roi est Mort; Vive le Roi! We are King; Royal Grace and Royal Displeasure; The Garden of Monbijou; The Queen's Maid of Honor; Prince Augustus William; The King and the Son; The Queen's Tailor; The Illustrious Ancestors of a Tailor; Soffici Tacit; The Coronation; Dorrie Ritter; Old and New Sufferings; The Proposal of Marriage; The Queen as a Matrimonial Agent; Proposal of Marriage; The Misunderstanding; Soirée of the Queen Dowager; Under the Lindens; The Politician and the French Tailor; The Double Rendezvous; The Intriguing Courtiers; The King and Secretary of the Treasury; The Undeceived Courtier; The Bridal Pair; The French and German Tailors, or the Montagues and Capulets of Berlin; In Rheinsberg; The King and his Friend; The Farewell Audience of Marquis von Botta, the Austrian Ambassador; The Masquerade; The Maskers; Reward and Punishment; The Return; The Death of the Old Time; The Discovery; The Countermine; The Surprise; The Resignation of Baron von Pöllnitz.

D. A. & CO. HAVE JUST ISSUED:

History of Julius Cæsar. By Louis Napoleon. Vol. II. 1 vol. large 12mo, \$1 50; Fine edition, cloth, \$3.

Home Life in the Light of the Divine Idea. By James Baldwin Brown. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, \$1 25.

Discourses of Redemption, as Revealed at Sundry Times and in Divers Manners. 1 vol. 8vo, price \$3.

Recent British Philosophy. A Review with Criticisms, including some Comments on Mr. Mill's Answer to Sir William Hamilton. By David Masson. 1 vol. 12mo, price, cloth, \$1 50.

Appleton's Hand-book of Southern Travel. Being a Traveler's Guide through the Southern States. Written by E. H. Hall. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, \$2.

The Internal Revenue Laws. Containing all the Acts of Congress, with copious Marginal References, a complete Index, and Tables of Taxation and Exemption. Compiled by Horace Dresser. 1 vol. 8vo, 222 pages, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.

Brevity and Brilliancy in Chess. A Collection of Games culled from the whole range of Literature. By Miron J. Hazeltine. 1 vol. 12mo, \$1 75.

The Harmonies of Nature; or, the Unity of Creation. By Dr. G. Hartwig. 1 vol. 8vo, \$1 50.

Either of the above sent free to any address on receipt of price.

STANDARD BOOKS, HANDSOMELY BOUND  
FOR THE LIBRARY,PUBLISHED BY  
**GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,**  
LONDON,  
AND  
416 BROOME STREET, NEW YORK.**Bulwer's (Sir E. L.) Novels and Tales**, with Frontispiece, 23 vols. bound in 20, crown 8vo, half calf, \$60.**Bulwer's (Sir E. L.) Novels and Tales**, with Frontispiece, 23 vols. bound in 22, 16mo, half calf, \$50.**Marryatt's (Captain) Novels and Tales**, illustrated with steel Frontispiece, 14 vols. fcap. 8vo, half calf, \$30.**Lever's (Charles) Novels and Romances**, with Frontispieces, 26 vols. fcap. 8vo, half calf, \$60.**Wood's Illustrated Natural History**, with upwards of 1,500 Engravings, 3 vols. royal 8vo, half calf, \$27 50; full calf, \$32 50; full morocco, \$35.**Stanton's Shakespeare**, with upwards of 1,500 Illustrations by John Gilbert, 3 vols. royal 8vo, half calf, \$27 50; full calf, \$32 50; full morocco, \$35.**Stanton's Shakespeare, Library Edition**, beautifully printed on toned paper, in a large, clear type, 4 vols. 8vo, half calf, \$25; full calf, \$30; tree calf, \$34.**Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare**, with upwards of 1,000 Illustrations, 8 vols. royal 8vo, half calf, \$70.**The Spectator**, revised edition, with copious notes, in 4 vols. crown 8vo, half calf, \$14.**Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson**, including the Tour to the Hebrides, with Illustrations, 5 vols. crown 8vo, half calf, \$15.**Lane's Arabian Nights Entertainments**, with many hundred Illustrations by Harvey, 3 vols. 8vo, half calf, \$20.**Sheridan Knowles's Dramatic Works**, with Portrait, a new edition, revised by the author, 2 vols. post 8vo, half calf, \$6.**Disraeli's (Benjamin) Novels**, with Frontispiece, 10 vols. fcap. 8vo, half calf, \$22 50.**Disraeli's (Isaac) Works**, edited and revised by his Son, 7 vols. crown 8vo, half calf, \$22 50.**Froissart's Chronicles**, with many hundred Illustrations, 2 vols. 8vo, half calf, \$18.

## VALUABLE SCHOOL-BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY  
**IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & CO.,**  
NEW YORK.

The large and increasing sale of these BOOKS—the emphatic commendations of hundreds of the best teachers of the country who have tested them in the class-room, and know whereof they affirm, amply attest their real merits, and fully commend them to general favor, and to the confidence and patronage of every thorough and practical Teacher.

**Sanders' Readers and Spellers**, conforming in Orthography and Orthoepy to the latest editions of Webster's Dictionary.**The Union Series of Readers and Spellers**, entirely new in matter and illustrations, and received with great favor by the best teachers in the country.**Robinson's Series of Mathematics**, including Arithmetics, Algebras, Geometries, Surveying, etc., highly commended by all who have tested them in the class-room.**Kerl's New Series of Grammars**—For simplicity and clearness, for comprehensive research and minute analysis, for freshness, scientific method, and practical utility, this series of English Grammars is unrivaled by any others yet published.**Spencerian Penmanship**, simple, practical, and beautiful. Newly engraved and improved.**Spencerian Double Elastic Steel Pens**, the best Pens manufactured.**Bryant, Stratton & Packard's Book-keeping Series**, beautifully printed in colors.**Wells' Natural Science**, including Philosophy, Chemistry, Geology, and Science of Common Things.**Colton's Series of Geographies**. The New Quarto Geography, just published and added to this series, surpasses anything of the kind before the public.

Teachers and School Officers are invited to correspond with us freely, and to send for our Descriptive Catalogue and Circular, which will be promptly sent upon application.

Liberal terms given on Books furnished for examination or introduction.

**The General Protestant Episcopal S.-S. Union and Church Book Society**

Now publishes about 650 choice Illustrated Books, which, with its secondary catalogue of "books allowed for sale," makes a list of about 1,000 volumes suitable for the Sunday-School and Parish Library.

The Society also publishes Catechisms, Scripture Reading Lessons, Primers, Class Books, Registers, Reward Tickets and Cards, Tracts, Books of Family and Private Devotion, and every requisite for organizing and conducting the largest Sunday-Schools.

**CHILDREN'S QUEST,**

Monthly, 6 copies for one dollar, and at the same rate for larger number of copies; single, 35 cents.

Semi-Monthly, 3 copies for one dollar, and at the same rate for larger number of copies; single, 70 cents.

**CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE,**

Monthly, 3 copies for one dollar, and at the same rate for larger number of copies; single, 50 cents.

Address orders and remittances to

**E. M. DUNCAN, Agent,**  
762 Broadway, New York.**SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKSTORE,**

116 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS, SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES,

**Miscellaneous Books,**

AND EVERYTHING NECESSARY FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

ORDERS FROM ABROAD PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

**U. D. WARD, Agent.****DAVID C. FRANCIS**

(FORMERLY C. S. FRANCIS &amp; CO.),

BOOKSELLER AND AGENT FOR LIBRARIES,

506 BROADWAY (UP STAIRS), NEW YORK.

Orders for any matter connected with Literature at home or abroad carefully attended to.

Particular attention given to all orders for Books for private gentlemen or public Libraries. The frequent sales by auction in the city of New York of private Libraries, many of which contain choice and valuable books, afford excellent opportunities for the forming or replenishing of Libraries at a moderate cost. Mr. Francis gives his personal attention to these sales, and will forward catalogues and execute all orders intrusted to him, for a small commission.

Foreign Books imported to order on favorable terms. The same attention will always be given to an order for a single book as for a quantity.

Individuals, Clubs, Societies, etc., supplied with any Periodicals (American or Foreign), which will be carefully delivered in the city, or sent by mail to the country.

Binding executed in any style, by the best workmen.

**Immense Prices Paid for Old Books.**

CHEAPEST BOOKSTORE IN THE WORLD.

10,000 PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS at our price.

100,000 BOOKS ON HAND, HISTORY, etc., at your price.

500,000 STEREOGRAPHIC VIEWS, etc., at any price.

CATALOGUES FREE.

**LECCAT BROTHERS,**

113 Nassau Street, New York.

**OAKLEY & MASON,**

PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS,

AND

BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

21 MURRAY STREET,

OLD STAND OF PRATT, OAKLEY &amp; Co.,

Between Broadway and Church St.,

NEW YORK.

**GRAND CIGAR DIVAN**

(IN CONJUNCTION WITH SIMPSON'S, LIMITED),

98-100 STRAND, LONDON, ENGLAND.

The largest Chess Room in Europe. The first London players always to be met there. Unequaled Restaurant and excellent Lodgings. Papers in profusion from all parts of the world, including *THE ROUND TABLE*, *The N. Y. Herald*, and other leading American publications, regularly received. Admission by day, week, month, or year, at graduated and, considering the advantages offered, most moderate rates.

**THE ROUND HILL SCHOOL,**  
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

This School is designed to prepare Boys for College, for the School of Science, or for intelligent Business Life. The course of study covers a period of five years. The number of Boarding Pupils is limited to fifteen. Any wishing to enter the School are requested to make early application, as there are but few vacancies.

Circulars may be had at the Office of *THE ROUND TABLE*, or on application to either of the Principals.

**JOSIAH CLARK,**  
**JAMES F. SPALDING.****HUDSON RIVER INSTITUTE.**

Superior advantages in English, Classics, Sciences, Commercial, French, German, Piano Music, and Painting. Lewis's Gymnastics for ladies, and Military Drill for gentls. Eighteen instructors. Term opens September 10.

The Rev. ALONZO FLACK, A.M., Principal.  
CLAVELACK, Columbia County, N. Y.

**To Literary Men and Others.**

A gentleman of character well acquainted with the book-trade of London and possessing other somewhat unusual facilities will sail for England about Oct. 1., and would undertake negotiations for publication and similar transactions requiring delicacy and confidence for a reasonable compensation. Satisfactory evidences of probity and character. Address

CANTAB, care of the editor of *THE ROUND TABLE***Literary Bureau.**

Any Gentleman of education and refinement who would like to join another in the establishment of a LITERARY BUREAU, such as has been recently suggested in *THE ROUND TABLE*, and who could furnish an equal amount of capital with the advertiser, may address, in the first instance,

BIBLIOPOLLE,  
ROUND TABLE OFFICE, 132 Nassau Street, New York.

**A Card.—Lectures, Speeches, and Revision.**

A first-rate classical scholar, experienced in writing for the Press, with revise MSS., write lectures and speeches, or furnish articles on a large range of topics with dispatch and reliable accuracy at moderate rates of remuneration. Address

BOOKWORM, BOX 4170 P. O., N. Y.

**THE HORACE WATERS**

Grand, Square, and Upright PIANOS, MELODEONS, HARMONIUMS, and CABINET ORGANS. Wholesale and retail, at reduced prices. To let, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second-hand Pianos at bargain prices \$60, \$75, \$100, \$125, \$150, \$175, \$200, and \$225. Factory and Warerooms, 481 Broadway. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos.

**STEINWAY & SONS'**

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANO-FORTES,

Have taken Thirty-two First Premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the Principal Fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and, in addition thereto, they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, in competition with 269 Pianos from all parts of the World.

That the great superiority of these instruments is now universally conceded, is abundantly proven by the FACT that Messrs. Steinway's "scales, improvements, and peculiarities of construction" have been copied by the great majority of the manufacturers of both hemispheres (AS CLOSELY AS COULD BE DONE WITHOUT INFRINGEMENT OF PATENT RIGHTS), and that their instruments are used by the most eminent pianists of Europe and America, who prefer them for their own public and private use, whenever accessible.

STEINWAY &amp; SONS direct special attention to their

**PATENT AGRAFFE ARRANGEMENT,**

which, having been practically tested in all their grand and highest-priced Square Pianos, and admitted to be one of the greatest improvements of modern times, will hereafter be introduced in EVERY PIANO MANUFACTURED BY THEM WITHOUT INCREASE OF COST to the purchaser, in order that ALL their patrons may reap its benefit.

**STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS**

are the only American instruments exported to Europe in large numbers and used in European concert-rooms.

WAREHOUSES, 71 and 73 East Fourteenth Street, between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

**PARLOR ORGANS.**

Our new Illustrated Catalogue is now ready, giving full descriptions of all the late important improvements and additions to our Church Organs, Harmoniums, Parlor Organs, and Melodeons. These improvements render our instruments the most desirable made, and they are pronounced unequaled by leading organists. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List.

**CARHART & NEEDHAM,**  
97 East Twenty-third Street, N. Y.



# THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1866.

## LET MR. JOHNSON RESIGN.

IF the President of the United States were to protract his stump-speech tour for three months longer and then run for re-election, he would scarcely command the votes of a corporal's guard. In vain would an obsequious press, taking the key from its fagelman, chatter about his rough honesty, his contempt of forms, his patriotic love of the people, his single-hearted desire for the restoration of the Union, and his even-handed aversion for fanaticism or sectionalism, North or South. In vain would his organ in this city, in a burst of bad temper at the impending falsification of its prophecies and the traversing of its selfish hopes of aggrandizement, lay down a programme for civil war as the threatened consequence of such events, the certain penalty to be inflicted on the nation should Mr. Johnson not be allowed to have everything his own way and his friends not be permitted to enjoy all the plunder.

We are no partisans. We care not a fig for either political party or faction, as such. Strictly speaking, we have no respect for either. The schemers who control them, and who divide the spoils in the event of success, we believe to be corrupt and rascally almost to a man. There is little, if anything, to choose between them except that, now and then, when the *ins* have gone too far in their nefarious jobs and cupidities, some little temporary good may haply be attained on the set-a-thief-to-catch-a-thief principle, by ousting them and thrusting in the *outs*. The best men, the educated men, the conscientious men of the country are not, unhappily, in public life at all; and among those who, in their default, transact the national affairs, however their incidental adherence to some valued principle may gain them sympathy at times, there are few, indeed, who command our respect or attract our esteem. We are no partisans; but we are sincerely desirous to see the speedy, thorough, and kindly restoration of the lately recalcitrant states. We advocate this unreservedly and warmly, and without fear that, under the circumstances, we shall be accused of professing neutrality while favoring one of the belligerents. It is essential to the peace, the prosperity, and the happiness of the whole country that the present abnormal relation of its sections shall be brought to a close. The delay in bringing this about since the termination of the war has now lasted quite long enough; it threatens to last too long. We do not desire to see permanent alienation find its roots in a policy which many earnest people have approved, without foreseeing or believing, perhaps, in so grave a result. But such an alienation is not only possible but ominously probable. The discontent of the South is growing more and more marked every day. There is spreading there either bitterness and hardening aversion or a sort of hopelessness and apathy which are even worse in their probable bearing upon friendly relations or industrial resumption. This is not as it should be. Whatever may have happened in the past, we of the North and our brethren in the South are, and for the future must continue to be, brothers still. A speedy restoration of the Union which shall bring us, slavery and its connections excepted, to the *status quo ante bellum* is imperatively demanded by every prudent, by every patriotic, and by every generous consideration. Why then, is it asked, do we oppose the President, who is emphatically in favor of just such a speedy restoration?

We answer: because we are absolutely driven by the force of collective circumstances to the conviction that the emphatic advocacy of reconstruction by Andrew Johnson will have the surest tendency of any other possible incident to impede and to defer it. That the present Congress will yield to his arbitrary and muddled behests is clearly out of the question. What they refused to do last session they certainly will not, backed by the logic of intervening elections, consent to do in the coming one. But one party must yield. Either executive or legislature must go to the wall. The way out of the dilemma on the basis of a fictitious congress, and consequent civil war,

as amiably proposed the other day by *The New York Times*, is both outrageous and ridiculous. The temper of the overwhelming majority of the nation is such that any attempt of the sort would bring immolation upon those who proposed and joined in it. Most especially if essayed by Mr. Johnson would such a *coup d'état* be destructive to himself and his friends. He has lost the confidence of the people, and so have all the more prominent of his advisers. We do not regard the result of the Maine election as a proof that the majority there are opposed to the South and unwilling to admit her to her rightful share in the national councils. It is an evidence which will be followed by another and another until there is thunder all round the sky, and which will demonstrate that the northern people do not and will not trust the present administration. They do not believe that the principles or professions of these men arise from or are dictated by considerations which the nation is called upon to respect or justified in supporting. It is folly to contend with the irresistible logic of facts. Any person with a cool head and an eye undeflected by party prejudice must see that no policy inspired, or likely to be inspired, by Mr. Johnson can possibly command anything like respectable strength. Mr. Hoffman has no more chance to be Governor of New York, for example, than Mr. Weed has to be Pope of Rome. It is absolutely necessary for any party which is to make head successfully against the republican organization to possess itself of new ideas, new principles, and most decidedly new leaders. Justice to the South, a sweeping reduction of the tariff, and determined economy in national expenditures, furnish an outline of the probable features of the first; of the last we as yet see no sign. But the signs will assuredly not be long in forthcoming.

The war has taught the community all through the United States much, very much, which it did not know before. The contemplation of a new set of public characters has, by the effect of comparison and contrast, been teaching a tremendous lesson, the effects of which are now becoming manifest. It has taught Americans to weigh as they never weighed before the difference between sacrificing self for country and country for self; the difference between words and deeds, between politicians and soldiers. It is by such a light that the late miserable outpourings of the President have been heard and judged. Men cannot forget, if they would, the extraordinary bitterness, the unexampled fury, with which he anathematized, but a little while back, the southern cause and the southern people. He either meant what he said or he did not. If he meant it, his present position is anomalous and equivocal. If he did not mean it, how can he be trusted for the future? Southerners do not know, have no security, but that Mr. Johnson may be reviling them next week more furiously than ever, and following up his denunciations by inimical actions. It is impossible to believe that intelligent people in the cotton states can thoroughly trust the President; and in point of fact they do not really do so. His whole character, his career, and his person are diametrically opposite to the most cherished Southern feelings, social tastes, and political proclivities. On the other hand, the people of the North—great numbers of them outraged by what they count his apostasy to the party that elected him, many immeasurably disgusted by his speeches and personal demeanor, some unable to forgive his acrid hostility to the South in the hour of her travail, and all in a manner feeling disgraced and dishonored that such a man should fill the chair of Washington—trust him far less. The popular conviction is not that his attitude is that of a pure statesman, a conscientious patriot, wishing to do all and dare all for a beloved country, but that it is that of a cunning and experienced, albeit rather frequently a somewhat hazy-headed, demagogue who has made the perhaps mistaken calculation that southern votes added to those of a certain class of southern sympathizers North were to be stronger and so better worth courting than were likely to be those of the great republican party. This calculation—involving as it did the two dangerous hypotheses, that revolutions sometimes go backward and that the democratic party might be reconstructed as well as the recusant states—may yet by possibility be verified; but it is

as certain as the sun shines that it never will be under its present leadership.

In addition to the prevalent distrust of himself, Mr. Johnson has also to contend with that which, disastrously for him, attaches to various of his leading adherents. There is an atmosphere of double-dealing, of political trickery, of indefatigable self-seeking, about some of these persons which has done much and irreparable mischief to the prestige of Mr. Johnson's administration. Their very names suggest finesse and charlatany. Their conspicuous advocacy of the President's policy has hurt it only in a less degree than his own. Every one knows that their adhesion comes of the flesh-pots, and not of the conscience; and every one except those interested is heartily tired of the ignoble and factious tactics which have so long been employed to arrogate power and filch the public spoil. The nation is sick and weary to exhaustion of the trading politicians. It would gladly lay them all away together on some distant and obscure shelf where they could rot in quiet and be heard of no more. We would not be one-sided, and by no means confine the latter remark to the hacks of a single party, but intend it to be general and catholic in its application to all. The desired reconstruction, the wished-for reconciliation between North and South, will be truest and most cordial when many voices—including those of Stevens and Sumner, famous for love of protection as well as for hate of the South—shall be heard in Congress no more; which remark is dictated by no unfriendly feeling towards either gentleman, but, as suggested, by the persuasion that pacification will be greatly facilitated when all who have been conspicuously hostile to either section shall have retired from public life. The entire country will be happier, and in every way better off, when the whole existing race of hack politicians shall be brushed out of sight, and when not a trace of them shall be left behind. There is scarcely one of their number but might render his country good service by retiring from public life with the next session of Congress.

Let Mr. Johnson set them the example. His professions of love for his country are unbounded. Let him now prove his devotion by an act which neither friends nor foes can misconstrue. So long as he remains where he is, amicable reconstruction, it is now certain, is quite out of the question, if even a new civil war do not arise as a horrible but not impossible consequence. The suggestion of his newspaper advocates has already, shameful to say, pointed out the *modus operandi* whereby this fresh strife may be brought about. Let Mr. Johnson put such miserable and dastardly counsels to shame by gracefully resigning the august position to which he most unfortunately succeeded, and, by so doing, allow the divided sections to come together in peace and harmony once more. That certain risks would be involved in such a step is quite true; but we may safely say the dangers of not taking it will be still greater. It is difficult to realize, all things considered, that any change whatever could be for the worse; there are many chances that it would prove very much for the better. At the time of his inauguration Mr. Johnson clearly contemplated the possibility of such an act as resigning the position which he well knew the country did not think him fitted for, and it is now a very convenient season for him to put his tardy purpose into execution. "The duties," be observed, "are mine for the present," and we really think that the patience with which up to the last few weeks the country has borne with him will justify the President in rewarding it by a fulfillment of his implied promise. Let him resign his office, and he will have established a title to the gratitude of the American people which will go far toward making them forget his treachery and his weakness; a title which will lead those of the dominant party to remember only his services in Tennessee, and the rest to credit that he has been the victim of intriguing politicians and his own undisciplined passions rather than the slave of an intrinsically bad and corrupted nature. For unquestionably his resignation at this period would do the country vast good and cut the gordian knot of countless difficulties; and he may be assured, considering all former as well as recent experiences, that most wise and thoughtful Americans whose opinion is of any value would always thereafter consider that



nothing in his official life ever became him like his leaving of it.

#### THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

THE situation of affairs in the world of American finance is anomalous. Not that the world has not previously experienced the effects of a redundant paper currency, but we cannot point to anything in the history of monetary science that is at all analogous to the present condition of our currency. The French *assignats*, which are always cited by hard-money people as a warning and a prediction, were the offspring of revolutionary madness, were the representatives of a confiscation which differed in nothing from robbery save in the temporary recognition of its legality; they were based upon fraudulently acquired foundations, and were themselves a fraud. Expansion of bank issues in England never acquired anything like the colossal proportions of our present currency; and while in the extraordinary inflation of 1836-7 in this country we find a condition of things bearing some faint resemblance to the present, yet in all its essential characteristics this inflation differs from every other that has preceded it. The chief and most important points in which it differs are, first, in security of the currency issued; and, second, in the uniformity of that security. It is true we have legal-tender notes issued directly by the government and notes issued by national banks; but the security upon which both are based is the same—the pledge of the United States of America. Upon all of it might be imprinted with great fitness the motto, *Bonâ fides respublica stabilitas*. Instead of the multifarious issues of obscure and irresponsible corporations, calling themselves banks, and promising to pay with a prodigality which alone ought to throw doubts upon their ability to perform, we now have as the basis of our currency the absolute engagement of the United States to pay each note. In this way the currency is stronger, more stable, and less liable to derangement than any that we ever had before. The security being by all considered ample, and that security being alike in all, the currency is relieved from any panics caused by sudden distrust, and is entirely beyond the reach of influences exerted by derangements in the world of commerce. Had our currency been a mixed one of paper and the metals during the recent financial crisis in England, we could not have withstood the drain of specie which we lately bore without any evil effects. Were our currency within the range of commercial vicissitudes, it would be a variable and changing thing.

Its magnitude is great; but who will say that it is too great for the duties it has to perform? Who will measure the currency wants of the continent, and tell the amount in dollars? It would seem now to be apparent that before the war we never had enough currency in this country. The natural consequence of a want of a medium of exchange was found in inflated credits for long terms. Farmers anticipated their crops by a whole season, and purchased all their supplies on long credit; and the system was perpetuated through retailers and jobbers up to manufacturers and importers. From these long credits came commercial crises and attendant ruin. Now it is possible to pay for everything in cash, and we find, in consequence, that business is more largely transacted for cash and on short credits than it ever was before. It is easy to see the reason in the larger volume of the currency, or, to adopt the popular idiom, in the greater plenty of money. The present system has substituted the government credit for the credit of banks and individuals as a circulating medium. That is the whole matter in a nutshell. Now, so long as the government is a large borrower, we maintain that the circumstance could not be made more useful. We do not pretend to say it is a good thing to owe money; but our proposition is this, that it is better for the community at large that the currency which it uses in its daily business should be a debt owed by the United States than that it should be one owed by any one state, corporation, or individual. If we must sell our goods on credit—and we must so long as we cannot have a strictly metallic currency fully equal in volume to the needs of commerce—it is better to sell them on the credit of the United

States than on the credit of any bank or person whatever.

But how are we to get back to specie payments? That is the ever-recurring question. How are we to make our currency at par with specie? Holding, as we do, that the currency is the best we ever had, we will not be expected to advocate its abolition. We would make it equal in value with gold, but maintain its volume up to the full amount necessary for the business of the country. We do not mean to select any arbitrary standard, but, by the well-known laws of demand and supply, let it regulate itself, holding over it always the check of prompt redemption. To do this, it is not necessary to make greenbacks scarce or to call in the issues of the national banks. The way to appreciate the currency is to make the position of the treasury impregnable. With two hundred millions of gold in its vaults, the treasury would be in that position. Let gold accumulate to that extent, and the premium would fall to twenty, and, by continued accumulation, the premium would continue to decline. Let the gold be gradually set apart for the redemption of the currency, and it will no longer need to be redeemed. The story of the Frenchman and the savings bank is familiar to all. When he supposed the bank was in failing circumstances and that he could not get his money, he wanted it very badly; but when he found the bank was able to pay, he did not want to disturb it. Let the United States possess and maintain on hand in its vaults, as a sort of financial ballast, from two to four hundred million dollars, and the currency will be the best the world ever saw. The objection which we see will be made to this course is that the hoarding of such an enormous amount of gold would injuriously affect the world's commerce. We deny the conclusion of the objectors. We deny it absolutely and entirely. We contend that for us to dam up the stream of gold on its way eastward, so as to fill a capacious reservoir, would indeed affect the world's commerce, but not injuriously. It would have a much more healthy influence in New York than it possibly could if swallowed up in Asia, where it inevitably tends. This bugbear frightens timid minds, who think that the natural destinies of golden eagles lead them towards the treasuries of barbaric eastern monarchs, and into that maelstrom of the precious metals, the Chinese Empire. Let us try the experiment of keeping them at home. Let us pile up a goodly heap of them and await the result. Under present circumstances the accumulation of gold cannot shorten or decrease the supply of money. It is not money. It is merchandise. Its accumulation will not stop the channels of trade. On the contrary, it will feed and maintain them. Like a well-filled reservoir at the head of a mill stream, it will regulate, assist, and render certain and steady the flow and action of the running water, which in this case is the currency, so that the machinery of finance will run smoothly, evenly, and safely. Let the Secretary of the Treasury adopt this policy, let him keep in the treasury every dollar of gold which he does not need to use for the payment of interest on the public debt, and the problem of our currency will be solved—it will solve itself. There will be no need of contraction, the supply of money will be kept as it is, while its value as measured by the gold standard will continue to appreciate so evenly and so gradually that the jars of readjustment will not be felt and the holders of our national paper money will no longer look for a return to specie payments, or clamor for it. When that hour arrives it will be wise and politic to return to the specie standard, but not until then.

#### PUFFING PILFERED PUBLICATIONS.

IT might be supposed from the constant and enthusiastic puffery bestowed by the newspapers upon such publications as *The Eclectic Magazine*, *The Living Age*, and *Every Saturday*, that their manufacture and sale constituted most onerous and creditable literary achievements. If these prints paid out regularly large sums for the encouragement of native letters—if their conductors undertook laborious editorial toils and incurred the risk of large pecuniary loss—if the enterprises in question were of a bold and striking character whose success was guaranteed by no previous experiment, and which supplied the world of letters with grateful pabulum it could find nowhere

else—then, indeed, we should be ready to concede that these compilations from foreign literature might be worthy even of the extravagant and disinterested eulogies which they receive. But what are the facts? Such prints pay for literary work, foreign or domestic, not one dollar; their editorial functions are discharged by an hour's activity with the scissors and paste-pot; the risk involved is included in the four items of composition, paper, press-work, and advertising, which, being pushed as they are by well-known houses, amounts to no risk at all; the success of the house of Leonard Scott & Co. has been such as to show that the hazards involved might be rated at the minimum; and finally their number no less than the incense burned before these papers which strut in borrowed plumes, and whose contents can always be found at due times and in proper places in possession of their original owners, is a very pitiful commentary upon the condition of our native literature and upon the disposition of the national press to uphold and to sustain it. So far as the cost of pilfered publications goes, they might as well be sold for sixpence or fourpence as for twice, thrice, or ten times the sum. Any one can get them up, and, presumably, get them up as well as any one else. There is no royal road in the matter, and it is rather surprising, in point of fact, that some cheap and enterprising publisher does not skim the cream of the London reviews, and put large editions upon the market at a very low rate. Such an adventurer would certainly, if we may judge from the past examples, gain credit by his enterpris, which might well satisfy a very soaring ambition. A weekly revamp of the transatlantic weeklies—afforded, say, at three cents—should procure the dashing manufacturer a perfect chorus of admiring praise. His name would be held up to lasting honor as one of the true benefactors of his species, and pæans would be sung in honor of his glorious deed from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same. Think of the noble service to letters which is done by sitting down with the shears and a noggin of paste and cribbing the labor of other men's brains by wholesale, to serve up as a hebdomadal *olla-podrida*, to remind Americans that it is necessary to pilfer from foreigners for literary food, since they have not brains among themselves to produce it! Think of the thrill of pleasure which is begotten of the newspapers, bursting as they do into loud songs of praise, into carols of appreciative ecstasy, over the intellectual force and high enterprise which are thus applied to snip columns out of English reviews and send them in bundles to the printers!

We would not for a moment be understood as speaking, in a personal sense, disrespectfully of the various publishers of these works, or to imply that they are consciously guilty in a moral sense—as they certainly are innocent in a legal one—of any wrong in the premises. They are gentlemen of repute and worth, so far as we know; and we do not forget that the publishers of *Every Saturday* have, by being also the publishers of *The Atlantic Monthly*, won for themselves fame of a very different and much more enviable kind. We should be better pleased were they all serving the cause of letters in no worse field; yet they assuredly have only themselves to account to if, finding this one profitable, they choose to remain in it. But the newspapers which celebrate their kleptomaniacal gleanings with such preposterous praise ought surely to know better. People who know so well the ignoble significance of paste-pot and scissors, and who know so well the urgent necessity which exists for educating the people into a progressive and fostering spirit as regards their own national literature, stultify themselves in a very paltry fashion when they thus elevate a commonplace and most mechanical transaction into a dignified and praiseworthy achievement. Such a custom is one of the insignia of puerility whereof the metropolitan press, at least, would do well to divest itself. It is a very poor sign when people or newspapers anywhere go into raptures over things which are essentially petty and mean. There is not the least doubt but that it is legal, and in that respect legitimate, to reprint in collected batches articles from British periodicals; and there is not the least doubt, likewise, that it is very small business to do so. There is more



honor in paying one American writer a good price for original work than fairly lies in the emission of a hundred such prints as *Every Saturday*. The journals which have permitted themselves to indulge in unmeaning rhapsodies over this and kindred publications have not given the subject that deliberation which its importance deserves. National literature cannot be fostered by puffing the collected stale wares of the foreign press. There is very little heroic virtue in a paste-pot and scissors. The fact that what they patch together is carefully selected to avoid infringing upon national vanity or hurting newspaper *amour propre*, is not a noble reason for blowing discriminative trumpets in their cause. What is a little bitter in the mouth is often sweet in the belly—an enigma which the free and enlightened people of this great country ought by this time to be altogether ready to solve and willing to profit by.

#### BULLS THAT ARE NOT IRISH.

IT is related that the secretary of an English agricultural society received orders from its committee to procure several copies of Mr. and Miss Edgeworth's *Essay on Irish Bulls*, for the use of members in their labors for the improvement of the breed of cattle. Let no one reading the title of this article fall into a similar error regarding our intention. Neither shall we consider the bulls of the popes, unless it be that one perpetrated by Pope Sextus, who printed a Bible in the preface of which he excommunicated all printers who should alter the text, and yet was himself obliged, on account of its numerous blunders, to cause emended scraps to be printed and pasted over erroneous passages.

*Chambers's Journal* has recently published an article in which it is assumed, as is almost always the case, that the bull is necessarily indigenous to Irish soil. We propose to "submit facts" in correction of this common error. Nearly three thousand years ago, in Greece, Hierocles noted down in the *Atelæ* many of the bulls which go the rounds of the newspapers nowadays attributed to Irishmen. He tells, among others, of the person who sat before a glass with closed eyes to see how he looked when asleep; of the one who, having to cross a river, entered the boat on horseback, giving as his reason for riding that he was in a great hurry; of the one who declared, after a narrow escape from drowning, that he would never enter the water again till he had learned to swim; of the man who, hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to try whether it was true; of the one who, finding that half of a cask of wine was gone, looked over the top to find an opening, and, being advised to look for a hole in the bottom, replied, "Blockhead, do you not see that the deficiency is at the top, and not at the bottom?" of the one who, meeting an acquaintance, said, "I heard you were dead," and, receiving the reply, "But you see me alive," answered, "I don't know how that may be; you are a notorious liar, and my informer was a person of credit;" and of the one who, neglecting to purchase books as a friend had requested in a letter, and fearing that he might be offended, said to him when they next met, "My dear friend, I never got the letter you wrote me about the books."

The philosophers have not been free from bulls. Pythagoras taught the doctrine of metempsychosis, and yet stated that he had seen the souls of Homer, Hesiod, and others tormented. Suetonius tells of a Brahmin philosopher whose life had been eminently prosperous, and who burned himself at Athens to prevent a reverse of fortune. Amid a great concourse of people he entered the fire naked, anointed, and laughing. He desired that the following epitaph might be inscribed on his tomb: "Here rests Zarmen-Ochagas, the Indian of Bargas, who, according to the custom of his country, made himself immortal." Mr. Holwell, who wrote a learned account of the doctrines of the Gentoos, is at great pains to solve the reason why the fishes were not drowned in the deluge. Curious stories are told, too, of the priests. The monks of a monastery at Messina, it is related, proclaimed, once upon a time, that they had in their possession a letter written by the Virgin Mary. But the impostors had been so foolish as to write it on paper made of rags instead of on the ancient papyrus,

as they easily might have done, and a person who came to see it observed that the letter, besides being curious, also involved a miracle, for the paper on which it was written was not in existence till several hundred years after the mother of our Lord ascended into heaven. Peter Damian, describing the fate of the anti-pope, John, at the close of the tenth century, says he "had his eyes bored out, his ears cut off, his tongue cut out, and being then put on an ass with his face to the tail, which he held in his hand, was paraded about Rome and obliged to exclaim: 'Such is the deserving punishment of him who endeavors to expel the Pope of Rome from his seat.'"

The poets have also been found guilty. A critical writer quoting from *Paradise Lost*, Book I., "Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms Reduced their shapes immense and were at large," asks, "If they were incorporeal, what occasion had they to reduce their shapes?" In Addison's *Cato* occurs the following line:

"So the pure limpid stream when foul with stains."

Some one has noticed this couplet from Blackmore's *Arthur*:

"A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,  
Which from a naked Piet his grandsire won."

Phillips in his pastorals makes shepherdesses tear their hair and beat their breasts at their own deaths:

"Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,  
With looks cast down and with disheveled hair,  
In bitter anguish beat your breasts and moan  
Her death untimely, as it were your own."

Lucian makes Prometheus cite a verse out of Homer, and Shakespeare places the scene of a shipwreck on the coast of Bohemia.

There have been bulls, too, on canvas as well as on the printed page. Burgoanne, in his *Travels in Spain*, notices a painting where Abraham is preparing to shoot Isaac with a pistol; and in a country church in Germany the painter, representing the sacrifice of Isaac, places a blunderbuss in Abraham's hand, and paints an angel coming down to pour water on the pan. In Owen's travels is mentioned a picture in the church of St. Zacharia, at Venice, where an angel is entertaining the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus with an air on the violin. So in the college library of Aberdeen there are elegant paintings on the margin of a Dutch missal representing the angels appearing to the shepherds, one of the latter of whom is playing a bagpipe. Lewis Cigoli painted a picture of the circumcision of Jesus, and drew the high priest Simeon with spectacles on his nose, probably out of respect to his great age. Spectacles were not known for fourteen centuries afterwards. N. Poussin's picture, at the French Museum, of Rebecca at the well, has the whole background decorated with Grecian architecture. Another at the French Museum, representing the reconciliation of Jacob and Laban, has a steeple or belfry rising over the trees. A belfry in the mountains of Mesopotamia in the time of Jacob! In a picture painted by F. Chello della Pueria the Blessed Virgin is placed on a velvet sofa playing with a cat and a paroquet, and about to help herself to coffee from an engraved coffee-pot. Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, has written more than a page to disprove the possibility of Adam and Eve having navels, objection having been made to paintings by Raphael and Michael Angelo, and to the painting of Adam and Eve by Mabuse in St. James's palace, in which they are represented with navels.

Sir Boyle Roche may, perhaps, be properly called—the Father of all Bulls. And yet there is an authentic record of a Frenchman, named Calino, who died in Paris not many years ago, who was quite as remarkable as Sir Boyle for a bovine tendency. There is a letter of his in existence, as follows: "My dear friend, I left my knife at your lodgings yesterday; pray send it to me if you should find it.—Yours, CALINO. P.S. Never mind sending the knife; I have found it."

There is also a note to his wife, which he sent home with a basket of provisions, the postscript to which read: "You will find my letter at the bottom of the basket. If, by chance, you should fail to do so, let me know as soon as possible." Calino once tried to get a certificate of defective sight from the surgeon of a regiment to which he belonged, to avoid some

military duty. "I am so near-sighted," said he, "that I can't see the stripes on the arm of that corporal over there."

One winter day, a friend of Calino, walking with him in the garden of the Tuileries, said:

"Calino, I'll bet you twenty francs that you don't walk across the frozen pond yonder on your bare feet."

"Done," said Calino, taking his shoes and stockings in his hand. But when he was half way across, he turned around, saying it was too cold to go any further, and made the best of his way back, thus losing his bet, though he had gone the same distance as though he had walked all the way over. Of the same character was his action when he took a lighted taper to find his way down a pair of stairs without accident, and after getting down brought it back with thanks, leaving himself at the top of the stairs in the dark, in precisely the same position from which he had started first. Calino was once on an excursion where lodgings were scarce, and in looking about for a pillow found a large stone jar, on which he laid his head very contentedly. Some one inquired of him if it was not rather hard. "Not at all," said he, "for I've stuffed it with hay."

It was a wise saying of his that "Providence had placed death at the end of life in order to give people time to prepare for it." One day a friend took a knife from him in joke, and, saying "thank you," put it in his pocket. "Come," said Calino, "if you don't give me back that knife, I'll rip you up with it."

Some stories are told, also, of the Abbé de Matignon which have been appropriated for the Irish. When the abbé was at the house of his uncle, the Bishop of Lisieux, he was shown the cathedral, and his guide told him it was built by the English. "Ah!" said he, with contempt, "I could easily tell it was not made here."

Madame de Froulay asked him how old he was. "Why, I am only thirty-two," said he, "but I count myself thirty-three, because a little boy was born a year before I was, and died—evidently keeping me back a whole year by accident."

When his sister-in-law had her first child he could not tell a friend its sex, "because," said he, "the child made such a noise that I positively am unable to say whether I am an aunt or an uncle."

That will do very well for the French; and there are surely enough stories of German blunders in speech to prove that our Teutonic friends possess in a peculiar degree the faculty supposed to be exclusively Irish. "Lasht Friday night, next week vot ish pehint," said one, "vash the vorst as nefer vash. I tought I co town hill up to mine house, ven no sooner I valks den I stand still all de vaster, for de darkness so tick I can't stir it mit my poots; an ven I see mine hant right pefore mine face, I can't tell its dere; an de rain, dunder an blixen! in more as tree minute mine skin vas vet troo to mine clos. Put after von leetle vile it stop quittin' to rain something, so I keep feeling myself all de vay long, an ven I comes to mine own house to valk in, vat you tink? dunder an blixen, him belong to somepody else!" An Irishman could scarcely improve that.

Whenever the paternity of a bull is uncertain an attempt is made to father it on some unfortunate Emerald. Yet it was a Scotch woman who said that the butcher of her town only killed half a beast at a time; it was a Dutchman who said a pig had no ear-marks except a short tail; and it was a British magistrate who, being told by a vagabond that he was not married, responded "that's a good thing for your wife." It was an English reporter who stated that at a meeting of the British Ethnological Society there were exhibited "casts of the skull of an individual at different periods of adult life, to show the changes produced in ten years," though Dean Swift mentions two skulls preserved in Ireland, one of a person when he was a boy, and the other of the same person when he had grown to be a man. A reporter of *The Herald* wrote in that paper, some years ago, that a lecturer at the Academy of Music "practically illustrated the manner in which a fly walks on the ceiling." It was at a prayer-meeting in New Hampshire that a worthy layman spoke of a poor boy whose father was a drunkard and whose mother was a widow; and it was at a negro ball that, in lieu of



"Not transferable" on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door, "No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself." It was an American lecturer who solemnly said one evening: "Parents, you may have children, or, if you have not, your daughters may have." And it was a western editor who wrote: "A correspondent asks whether the battle of Waterloo occurred before or after the commencement of the Christian era. We answer, it did."

A Maine editor says a pumpkin in that state grew so large that eight men could stand around it; which statement was only equaled by that of the man who saw a flock of pigeons fly so low that he could shake a stick at them. Those two observing men, one of whom said he noticed that when he lived through the month of May he lived through the year, and the other of whom said at a wedding that he had remarked that more women than men had been married that year, were neither of them Irishmen. When Sir Boyle Roche exclaimed, "I would give up half—nay, the whole—of the constitution to preserve the remainder," he only followed the analogy of that juvenile poem which states that

"Three children all a-sliding went,  
'Twas on a summer day;  
The ice was thin, they all fell in,  
The rest they ran away."

Even John C. Calhoun once, in enforcing the theory that all men are not created equal, remarked that "only two men were created, and one of these was a woman;" and President Taylor's "all the world and the rest of mankind" is a household word.

#### CIGARS AND PIPES.

Great is King Tobacco, and mighty is his power even here in our democratic land, where everybody, fortunately, is equal to everybody else, and royalty, one would think, stood small chance of recognition. Tobacco, morally and physically considered; cigars and pipes, their philosophy and history; what is the best thing to smoke, and the best way of smoking it—these topics interest the sovereigns, and will here be alluded to, in an eminently discursive manner, by an "old philosopher."

Pipes have been divided into two great classes—good pipes and bad pipes; but this is much too general. They are susceptible of classification in the order of their excellence, and such a scientific classification is here given:

- |                             |               |
|-----------------------------|---------------|
| I. Corn-cob Pipe, . . . . . | Virginia.     |
| II. Powhatan, . . . . .     | James River.  |
| III. Meerschaum, . . . . .  | German.       |
| IV. Hookah, . . . . .       | Arab.         |
| V. Chibouque, . . . . .     | Turkish.      |
| VI. Narghile, . . . . .     | Persian.      |
| VII. Calumet, . . . . .     | N. A. Indian. |
| VIII. Dludeen, . . . . .    | Irish.        |
| IX. Porcelain, . . . . .    | Dutch.        |
| X. Yard of Clay, . . . . .  | English.      |
| XI. Stone, . . . . .        | Aborigines.   |
| XII. Chalk, . . . . .       | Cosmopolitan. |

Of these, the corn-cob is the best, and the chalk the worst. But great is the genuine "Powhatan;" honorable the creamy Meerschaum, premier duke of pipes! From these three noble varieties have we drawn our noblest inspirations; and with specimens of each in our possession now we connect some of the most endearing recollections. These memories are not sad, however, and the writer hereof is not sentimental. His memories afford him pleasure and amusement rather than regret; and thinking of the various pipes he has smoked, or of the friends who gave them, he is more disposed to smile than to sigh. Having never quaffed poetic gin and water, or turned down his collar à la Byron, he has no "dark sorrows," but mingles cheerfully with his fellow-smokers, hailing them with a friendly and gay greeting as brethren of the mystic bowl.

Pipes were not popular in the days of our youth; were classed, indeed, with mustaches, as indicative of "fast" or ignoble tastes. The close-shaven gentlemen of the old régime smoked Havana cigars, and the "cinnamon cigar" was the delight of urchins. This latter, we believe, has not survived. It was made by dropping into the end of the cigar a minute portion of the fragrant oil in question, and had the property of diffusing around, when smoked, an overpowering Sabean odor, as of some wind from Araby the blest! To smoke one of these in our callow days was a thing to be proud of, and everybody knew you

were smoking. There was no doubt about what you were doing—none at all. The air was perfumed for half a league; the white smoke floated back as from an animated steamboat; you had the pleasing consciousness that you were attracting everybody's attention. Happy days in the good old years when the heart was so light and the cheek so red! He who recalls your delights is a grizzly senior now—not a gay boy smoking his cinnamon cigar!

But the years passed on, and with the assumption of the *toga virilis* we abandoned the fragrant friend of our youth, trying other brands. How well we remember them!—how many good cigars we recall with tender regret! There was the "Empress," queen of the various tribes—the very best cigar we have ever smoked; the "Cheroot," gradually swelling to the square-cut butt; and that honest old standby, the "Principé." These latter were not the make-believes we smoke to-day. *Principès* were *principès*, indeed, in those years. They were dry, black, and tapered toward each end like a distaff; the ashes were snow-white, and the flavor imperial! They are gone now, but fond recollection embalms all those noble brands. What memories of delight cling around those sweet *Empresses*! what homage we yet pay to those "Operas," "Silvas," and "Colorados" of other years! They could not stay in a universe which did not appreciate them. Gradually they flitted to some other world, those high-bred types of the *haute noblesse* of cigardom. Their souls were sad, for the rabble bought and puffed them, no less than the gentry of the old régime. The times did not suit them; Mr. Jefferson's terrible leveling philosophy had banished all the safeguards of society. Whoever possessed the sum of three or four cents could salute the lips of the virgin "Empress," compel an introduction to the aristocratic "Opera," or shake hands carelessly with the royal "Principé." Such a state of things proved unendurable to lord and lady—to prince and empress; they flitted from the scene, passed away in smoke, and disappeared for ever from a world which profaned their very ashes. Would you find them still? You must seek them in some Faubourg St. Germain of Cloudland, where they meditate with joy on the ancient régime, and shudder at the Reign of Terror which succeeded.

"Plantations" were the last favorites which preceded pipes. They were long, slender, dark, and tied tightly in bundles, while yet in a moist state, so that the pressure made them square or triangular. But they were excellent. We presented, one day, a bundle to the author of *Vanity Fair*, and that amiable gentleman smoked them steadily, declaring them delicious. He said that he always commenced writing with a cigar in his mouth; and any brethren of the quill who indulge the same taste may congratulate themselves upon the "coincidence of genius." Mr. Thackeray bemoaned, we remember, the persistence with which a friend came in and smoked his "Plantations;" but friends of that description are found in all ages. During the last war, General S— presented us with a box of cigars captured from the enemy; and while they lasted our popularity was extreme. Our tent was thronged with visitors, and they one and all smoked. When the contents of the box had disappeared in smoke, a pleasing privacy came with the absence of the crowd. Such is friendship—all smoke!

Pipes succeeded cigars—coming in with the new generation. This was somewhere about 1850, we believe—and from that time the old régime began to pass away. The cigar-making elders, with their close-shaven faces, or side-whiskers and ruffles, gave place to the juniors with mustaches, variegated shirt-bosoms, and pipes. Soon the revolution was complete. Lynchburg smoking tobacco began to be put up in papers, price "twelve and a half cents." The "Oronoko" headed the procession, with the picture of a cross-legged Turk upon the wrapper, reveling in the delights of a long-stemmed chibouque with an impression of countenance truly stolid. Many other brands succeeded: the "W. W. Mosby," dark, fibrous, and strong, like the "Perrique" of New Orleans; the "Langhorne," brown and excellent; the "McCorkle," best of all. These tobaccos were superb, and the writer of this treatise seems to smoke them "still in his dreams." Only to recall their flavors in

some hour of reverie, is better than to smoke the best of all the boasted brands of 1866! The brethren of the mystery used to puff that good tobacco rapturously, and scorn the thought that earth held anything to equal it. Your Shiraz, Latakia, Havana, all were tasteless in comparison. When that good knight Sir Langhorne and his comrade, Sir McCorkle, pranced into the lists, all others left the field.

A rapid and bloodless revolution was effected—the cigar disappeared, and the "Powhatan Pipe," with its long reed stem, succeeded. The legal fraternity were the *revolutionnaires*. In every law office you saw an old cigar-box, full of tobacco and grimy pipes; when a visitor entered, he filled a pipe and began smoking—no invitation was given or expected. The client stated his case, smoking. Counsel listened, smoking. The disciples of Themis seemed to aim at wrapping the presence of the deity in a mysterious and impenetrable fog! The revolution was complete—the cigar as an "institution" overthrown. Then came the war, and every rival to the pipe disappeared. Good cigars must perforce run the blockade from Havana, and were thus enormously expensive; so from general to private soldier everybody used a pipe. Happy in those years was the owner of a "genuine meerschaum"—nay, the possessor of a "briar-root." These friends were the consolation of the march and bivouac, even of the field of battle—and when the war was over the pipe had become a "national" if not a "peculiar" institution!

A few words will terminate our discursive commentary upon this interesting subject. The philosophy of pipes and smoking is not trivial, for it bears upon the happiness of the human species. Smoking in moderation has the effect of allaying mental irritation, tranquilizing the thoughts, and harmonizing the operation of all the faculties. Used to excess, tobacco produces nervousness, hypochondriasis, and physical ill-health. Moral: Don't use it to excess. The philosophic smoker aims to extract its sweets, not incur its lash; and to effect this, much depends upon the pipe used. The best of all pipes, probably, is a hollow "corn-cob," with a stem of wild cherry—the corn-cob being light, sweet, and porous; the cherry-wood singularly adapted to absorb the oil of the smoke and communicate an aromatic flavor. The great point is to secure this porous quality in pipe and stem. This is the merit of the Powhatan clay. From its peculiar grain, it absorbs all the acrid oil, and the smoke is transmitted free from this poisonous ingredient. The meerschaum has secured its fame from possessing the same property, the rich dark color which it assumes exhibiting the extent to which the porous clay takes up the oil. Among materials for stems, after the wild cherry, the root of the reed is probably the best, from its extreme porosity. Such, in brief, is the real theory of pipes; and the reader will understand and be able to appreciate the reckless indifference of the smoker who poisons himself with china or chalk pipes and horn stems. Tobacco, smoked in such abominable machines, distills its most acrid poison for the smoker, and, with a parched and bitter tongue, dizzy brain, and shattered nerves, the miserable devotee of the miserable invention curses the day when he "became the slave of tobacco." Friend, do not be its slave; be its master. Smoke a pipe—not a nicotine distillery!

Use tobacco like a philosopher, not an inebriate, and you will discover the real joys of the magical weed. He who writes has derived much of his pleasure in this world from the habit of smoking "on correct principles." He has heard many persons bewail their subjugation by the "cursed weed," but never has sympathized with them. Rather does he rejoice that this promoter of tranquil thoughts, of pleasant reverie, of roseate dreams, was sent for the solace of humanity by the Giver of all Good.

And if there be any excellent people who will not be convinced by our reasoning; if they peruse with horror these words of commendation upon the subject of smoking; if these worthy persons marshal all their arguments and batter us with reasons until we can make no further resistance, in that last moment, when all our breastworks are carried and defense no longer possible, we shall say with the good Robert Hall, when his friend hammered at him, "We cannot controvert you—neither can we give up our pipe."



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## LONDON.

LONDON, Sept. 8, 1866.

THERE has recently been reported an apparently authentic account of an old woman in Austria who thrice dreamed of seeing her grandson, who had gone to the wars, wounded and bandaged. Each day after her dream she repaired to the railway station, miles from her home, and on the third he was brought in wounded and bandaged exactly as described. It is not remarkable that a youth in the Austrian army should have been wounded, nor that his anxious grandmother should nightly dream that he was wounded; but an incident occurred of late in a family of the highest intelligence and position which I venture to put now for the first time in print, for the attention of the speculative, as one for the truth of which I can personally vouch. A young lady, engaged to a gentleman who was voyaging in a distant part of the world, was seated in a library one afternoon when the said gentleman entered the room and stood between her and the grate gazing upon her. She endeavored to approach him, and then to speak to him, but could not; and she only remembered gazing next moment on empty space. She was somewhat nervous about it for a little while, but was easily persuaded that she had dozed and dreamed of her lover. After an absence of several months more the gentleman returned in good health. On hearing the dream alluded to, he inquired with an unexpected earnestness into the date of the matter, and it was at length discovered beyond a doubt that on the date of the vision he had fallen overboard and had been for a considerable time after his rescue entirely senseless. "I only remember," he said, "that I felt that I was drowning; and my last conscious thought was of her who was to be my wife." While alluding to this shadowy subject, I may mention that Dr. Herbert Mayo, F.R.S., professor of physiology in King's College and of comparative anatomy in the Royal College of Surgeons, announces in his lately published *Letters on the Truths Contained in Popular Superstitions* his conversion to a belief in phrenology and in phreno-mesmerism. He also gives the following story:

"From Boppard, where I was residing in 1845-46, I sent to an American gentleman in Paris a lock of hair which Col. C—, an invalid then under my care, had cut from his own head and wrapped in writing-paper from his own writing-desk. Col. C— was unknown even by name to this American gentleman, who had no clue whatever whereby to identify the proprietor of the hair. And all that he did was to place the paper in the hands of a noted Parisian somnambulist. She stated, in the opinion she gave on the case, that Col. C— had partial palsy of the hips and legs, and that for another complaint he was in the habit of using a surgical instrument. The patient laughed heartily at the idea of the distant somnambulist having so completely realized him."

Shakespeare has, as you know, been claimed by every school of philosophy and every religious denomination. Books have been written to prove him Roman Catholic, Churchman, Dissenter, skeptic, pantheist, atheist. Just now the spiritualists are engaged in proving that he was a good spiritualist. This theory, started by Mr. Roffe, is now illustrated by Mr. Thomas Brevior (the *nom de plume* of a well-known writer of London). Mr. Brevior says:

"Hamlet is prone to abstraction and reverie; he postpones action, is irresolute, vacillating, ardent, impulsive, very susceptible to external and, according to Shakespeare, spiritual influences; he sees and holds converse with a spirit at a time when to another it is neither visible nor audible; his soul is 'prophetic,' he has a true presentiment of his approaching death"—has, in short, the temperament, character, idiosyncracies which in our day would indicate him to be, constitutionally, a medium. He is 'Hamlet the Dane,' and among the Danes second-sight, ghost-seeing, and other evidences of mediumship, have been, and to this day are, very prevalent. If, then, in common with many of his countrymen, Hamlet had this endowment, we can the more readily understand how, in the closet scene, the Ghost was visible and audible to him alone; and how (for kinship, in general, is not only of the blood but of the spirit) he would be specially *en rapport* with his father's spirit, and hence a most fitting instrument to work out his purpose."

In the foot-note indicated by the asterisk in the above passage, Mr. Brevior writes as follows:

"Presentiments are known to be frequently verified—a strong presumptive evidence of man's spiritual nature, and the special openness of that nature in certain persons to impressions from beings of the other world. Shakespeare repeatedly illustrates this. The 'ill-divining soul' of Juliet sees Romeo 'as one dead in the bottom of a tomb'; 'high strains of divination' inspire Cassandra to cry aloud in warning—

"Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;"

and these presentiments, like the warning of the soothsayer to Cæsar to 'Beware the ides of March,' or of the

weird sisters to Macbeth to 'Beware Macduff,' or the presentiment against which Hamlet struggles in vain, are but the shadows cast (from whence, if not from the spirit-world?) before the events."

Truly, there was nothing that "the many-sided" did not write about; and that enthusiast might have been right who, when challenged to find in Shakespeare an allusion to the treadmill, cited, "Down, down, thou climbing sorrow!"

It seems that the convergence of opinion at present tends to the belief that there is a "cholera mist"—a faint blue mist, like the bloom on freshly varnished paintings, which is uninfluenced by the wind. Instead of being a new discovery, it would seem to have been observed long ago. In *Cook's Itinerary for Wales* (1800) there is an account of a "blue mist" which was seen for nine months during the cattle-plague which raged in 1597. It was then declared to be of a very combustible nature, and to be easily dispersed by "the ringing of bells, the sound of a horn, or by the discharge of cannon." I have looked very hard to see this mist, but have not been able to see more than that normal mezzotint which is for ever in the atmosphere of England. However, the gentleman who do see this mist are not to be supposed, as Dr. Garth Wilkinson has half hinted, to be seeing the mist of our general ignorance about the cholera. It has now, for a week or two, been assumed that there is a "cholera mist;" and Dr. Ray Lankester declares that he has analyzed it, to a certain extent, in this way:

"1st. Slips of glass were cleaned and exposed under trees where the blue mist was observable. 2d. A pane of window-glass was cleaned and exposed to the mist for ten days at Hampstead; the translucent film which had collected on it was removed with pure boiled water and a clean brush. 3d. A pair of bellows, carefully cleaned, was made to blow the "mist" for half an hour through a small bottle of perfectly pure water. The sediment from the water and the slips of glass were at once examined, besides a few insect scales and dust grains. In all three cases a great abundance of minute granular aggregations was seen, the largest of the granules not exceeding the 6,000th of an inch in diameter. The granules were highly refractive, and presented all the characters of fungoid growths, being similar to the spores of the yeast plant and other molds. The abundance of these spherical granules, sometimes grouped in chains, was very noticeable."

The literary event of the day here is Barry Cornwall's *Memoir of Charles Lamb*, which, besides its natural importance, comes upon the period of almost literary famine. There is something beautiful in this venerable man of seventy-seven devoting the clear evening of his life to reminiscences and studies of the gifted and true man whose friendship he enjoyed for nearly eighteen years, and those eighteen years the flower of his life. The book, though somewhat anticipated by Talfourd's, has much in it that the other could not have, and is everywhere receiving a warm welcome from literary men. An able review of this work, which has just appeared in the *Manchester Examiner*, has the following neat and merited compliment to an American:

"Before taking leave of the subject of this charming volume, we think it right to mention, to the honor of American literary taste and enterprise—a fact not noticed in this memoir—that a very nicely printed volume of 437 pages, entitled *Eliaana*, containing a reprint of all Lamb's hitherto uncollected writings, made its appearance in Boston two years ago. The editor of the volume is Mr. J. E. Babson, whose name ought to be gratefully held in remembrance by every admirer of Charles Lamb, for the interest and pains he has taken in exhuming these forgotten and almost unknown, yet most characteristic papers, from the old magazines in which they have so long lain imbedded. It is noteworthy that we owe this labor of love to the enthusiastic admiration of an American man of letters. Surely, it is almost a reproach to Lamb's countrymen that it has not long since been performed on this side of the Atlantic. Let it be also remembered that the first reprint of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, in a collected form, made its appearance in Boston, and not in London."

On reading this it was suggested to me whether it would not be a good thing if the same American enterprise which has outstripped England with regard to De Quincey, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and some others, might not be now enlisted to give us the complete works of William Hazlitt, some of whose most valuable writings are entirely unobtainable. This work of Mr. Procter's increases our desire to know more of Hazlitt's scattered volumes and pieces. Mr. Procter speaks of having eighteen volumes of Hazlitt's works in his library, and says that he does not possess all that were written by him. Your correspondent is acquainted with an intelligent gentleman in England who has more of Hazlitt's writings than any other person. He has, as the collection of many years, no fewer than thirty-two volumes. There are some outlying magazine articles which even this gentleman has not. He is one who would gladly be of assistance to any literary enterprise such as that which I have

indicated, and I will give his name when it is desired for that end.

Trübner has just issued the third volume of *The Chinese Classics; with a Translation, Critical and Exegetical Notes, Prolegomena, and copious Indexes*; by James Legge, D.D. This volume is entitled: *The Shoo-King; or, the Book of Historical Documents*. The book is one of the finest contributions which Oriental literature has ever received. Dr. Legge is a missionary of the London Society, and shows that his class are not always as useless as they are thought to be. The ablest Orientalists are agreed that the *Shoo-King* is four thousand years old and was a cotemporary record of the events recorded in it. As King Arthur and Charlemagne stand as giants at the head of Western European history, so stand Yaou, Shun, and Yu at the head of Eastern history. No one can read these ancient chronicles without seeing them emerge as actual historic figures out of the morning mists of the world.

Dr. Marshall, next to Huxley the ablest physiologist in London, has recently put forth a *Report on the Brains of a Bushwoman and Two Idiots*. The brain of the woman, who represents the lowest African type, belonged, it was believed by those from whom Professor Marshall obtained it, to an unusually small woman of that race, and the professor concurs in that opinion. This report is, therefore, valuable as being an analysis of as low a specimen of the lowest type of humanity as has ever fallen into the hands of a comparative physiologist. Dr. M. finds that there are in this brain all of the parts and convolutions which are found in the normal European brain, though less deeply engraved. The brain does not resemble the brain of any of the ape tribes, but is more like that of the European infant. Professor Huxley, in his last year's Hunterian course of lectures, declared that the negro skull resembled the skull of the Anglo-Saxon more than that of any other race. The skull is viewed by physiologists as the outline of a race's capacity. Professor Marshall now shows that even within the Bushwoman's skull there is an infantine form of the highest cerebrum, whilst Professor Huxley's view of the negro's cranium shows that it is his destiny to have that brain developed to its full outline. There are races whose climax of cerebral development is past; that of the negro is surely to come.

A religious periodical lately gave the statistics of a revival that has been going on at Sunderland in the following business-like way: Total number recorded from July 15 to August 9—males, 279; females, 367—646. Identified with Brougham Street chapel, 199; South Durham Street chapel, 13; Deptford and Ballast Hills chapels, 25; North Circuit chapels, 56; other places, 37—total 330. Believers purified, 199; backsliders recovered, 107; sinners saved, 340—total, 646. *The Pall Mall Gazette* is reminded by backsliders of breech-loaders, and wishes to know whether the process of "conversion" goes on at the same rate in the War Office.

Mr. Benjamin, the ex-Confederate secretary, has just made his first appearance at the English bar, and very appropriately at the late assizes of Liverpool. He appeared, says *The Liverpool Albion*, in one or two cases of *Nisi Prius*, and much prepossessed those who heard him in his favor as a very promising addition to the forensic strength of the northern bar.

Professor Charles Kingsley has, as a literary man, completed by suicide the almost mortal wounds inflicted by Father Newman in that memorable encounter of a year or so ago. He is being torn to pieces by the lions to which he flung himself by his wretched speech at the Southampton banquet, upholding Governor Eyre. No voice defends him, even among those which defend Eyre. The concentrated flunkysm which led the author of *Alton Locke* to attribute to the aristocracy the possession of all the virtue and the beauty of England; the absurdity which excused Eyre's cruelties on the ground that he (Eyre) had in Australia traveled 700 miles round a gulf; the ignorance of geography which led this Cambridge professor to say that Eyre "walked 700 miles round the head of the Gulf of Carpentaria," which gulf is in the north of Australia, whereas Eyre's exploration was confined to the south, and the South Australian Bight, 1,000 miles from Carpentaria—all these combine to draw merciless comments on these loosest of thoughts by the loosest of thinkers.

The French Society for assisting the freed negroes in the United States has just published two addresses: one to the Queen of Spain, thanking her for the measures of which she had taken the initiative for the abolition of the slave trade, and praying her to continue that good work by abolishing slavery itself in the colonies of Cuba and Porto Rico; the second, to the Emperor of Brazil, makes a similar appeal on behalf of the negroes of his dominions.

M. D. C.



## BOSTON.

Boston, September 15, 1866.

I HAVE some additions to make to the notices of autumn announcements by the publishers which I made in my last.

Little, Brown & Co. will have ready this month the eighth edition of Angel and Ames *On Corporations*, revised by John Lathrop; Bishop's *Commentaries on Criminal Procedure*, two vols.; the third edition of Drake *On Suits by Attachment in the United States*; and Vol. XII. of Gray's *Massachusetts Reports*. They will be ready with the first number of their new *American Law Review* on October 1, as promised. This quarterly in a field that has not been thoroughly covered heretofore will be as general as its title will permit, including discussions on law reform and the merits of changes proposed and effected in American jurisprudence, and on the legal aspects of political and international questions, especially such as have grown out of the late rebellion. The editors, who are reported to be two young lawyers of high standing at our bar, promise in each number at least one leading American or English case, with annotations; and intend also to introduce, as may be required for interest, historical and biographical notices and accounts of celebrated trials, and to borrow occasionally marked articles from the English and continental law authorities. They also intend to supplement the usual law reporters by giving such decisions as do not find their way into print, although of importance; or of those that do, such as are not regularly reported but at long intervals. They also intend to include a digest of all cases in the Supreme Court of the United States, and of such in foreign courts as merit the notice. To the body of the periodical will be added a necrology of eminent jurists, items of legal intelligence, and notices of law books as published.

The same publishers' issue of *Brazil and the Brazilians*, by Rev. J. C. Fletcher and Rev. D. P. Kidder (which was originally published by Childs & Peterson in 1857), will possibly be deferred till after the close of this month. It is the sixth edition, and is issued opportunely with the new interest arising from Agassiz's recent explorations in that country. Mr. Fletcher has visited Brazil four times since the last edition was issued, and these visits have added about a hundred new pages to this edition, bringing all information down to the present date, making still more valuable the most comprehensive work on that country in our literature.

Walker, Fuller & Co. have their *History of Massachusetts in the Rebellion* in such forwardness that we may look for its publication in about a fortnight. The book has grown on the author's hands, and will now appear in about 700 pages octavo, with thirty-two engraved heads of prominent characters, instead of the twelve originally intended. It is to be published by subscription, and the publishers doubtless count somewhat upon that native pride in their commonwealth which our citizens feel to give it success proportionate to the care bestowed upon it.

Mr. Quint's *History of the Second Regiment*, which is to be of more pretension than such records usually have been, and upon which he has centered the interest of many, including some wealthy, friends of the regiment, is progressing as rapidly as its character will admit. These same publishers add very soon another volume to their *Spectacle Series*, by Miss Lander, which will do for New York in this spectacular way what they have already done for other prominent cities. They also have preparing *A Child's Book of Religion for Sunday-schools and Homes*, by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, which they announce as original in design and purely devotional in purpose, and of such denominational and even individual tendencies as might be expected from one of Mr. Frothingham's spiritual and rather rhapsodical tendencies.

Not long since I stated that their issue of the *Pioneer Boy*, as a juvenile life of the late President was called, had been translated into Romaic and published at Athens; and I may now add, that it is about to have a Honolulu imprint in the Hawaiian language.

Gould & Lincoln have nearly ready a biography of the late Governor Briggs, of this state, under the title of *Great in Goodness*, which was some time since announced. Gov. B. presided at our capital from 1844 to 1851. They likewise are preparing for the fall market a new book by Professor Austin Phelps, of Andover, which is expected to be of considerable significance, called *The New Birth*. They also announce *Little Feet*; or, *Consolations for Bereaved Parents*, a 16mo, of a character its title sufficiently indicates. They have nearly ready a new volume of their *Fonthill Recreations*, a juvenile relating to *The Two Sicilies*; this series, it will be remembered, is intended to convey attractively sketches, stories, etc., of the scenery, customs, history, etc., of the nations and lands bordering on the Mediterranean, and is prepared by M. G. Sleeper,

Lee & Shepard complete Oliver Optic's *Woodville Stories* this month by the publication of *Hope and Hare*; or, *Fanny Grant among the Indians*, and *Haste and Waste*; or, *the Young Pilot of Lake Champlain*; and they further begin a new series by the same favorite writer for the young, called *Young America Abroad: A Library of Travel and Adventure in Foreign Lands*. The first series, of the same title, will be comprised in six volumes, and be fitly illustrated. The young folks will doubtless have in these some of Mr. Adams's recent experiences in Europe. They are also at present carrying through the press another juvenile, *The Prairie Crusoe*.

Ticknor & Fields have also in preparation several juveniles, which I did not mention last week—namely, two of Mayne Reid's stirring narratives, one of which is reprinted from *Our Young Folks*; one by Gail Hamilton, *Red-Letter Days*; and *Stories of Many Lands*, by Grace Greenwood. A new juvenile by Louisa M. Alcott, and an illustrated edition of Grimm's *Goblins*, are also among their announcements.

Of the same publishers' projected issues, which I have not already named, I may mention what they call a *Diamond Tennyson*—a complete edition of his poems in one volume. Ten years ago they planned the "blue and gold" series for this same purpose of comprising the whole of Tennyson in one portable volume, since which his works have increased till now two volumes of that series are required; and this is an attempt to reduce the enlarged bulk back to the old dimensions by change of type and form. They also are preparing for publication in December *The Old Sergeant, and other Poems*, by Forceythe Willson, whose reputation Dr. Holmes considerably enhanced last winter by his commendations of the leading poem named above, in his lecture on the *Poetry of the War*.

Sever & Francis, of Cambridge, have now ready a *Book of Chemical Tables*, containing some two hundred pages of tables for use in laboratories. It has been prepared by Mr. T. P. Sharples, a graduate of the Lawrence Scientific School, under the immediate supervision of Dr. Wolcott Gibbs, and has the particular commendation of Professor Silliman, of Yale.

They are also preparing a new edition of the *Book of Praise*, which will contain thirty-five new hymns (added to the latest English editions). The text of the previous edition will also be changed to conform to the corrections and additions that have been brought to the consideration of the editor. The corrections consist chiefly of statements regarding the authorship and dates of hymns, the general accuracy in this respect having rendered this collection already the *vade mecum* of students of hymnology. One of the English editors has supplied the American publishers with a list of new corrections which have not yet been embodied in the original editions, and some errors in regard to American hymns and their authors they are enabled to correct from other sources.

S. Low & Son, of London, published a year or two since a very elegant little quarto edition of Gray's *Poems*, with exceedingly delicate and chaste head and tail pieces; and the University press has undertaken to reproduce it for our market in duplicate, and to offer the test of comparison of our own and foreign workmanship in this one book. Sever & Francis will publish it, and I expect to see some of that press's best work in this little volume.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have in press for issue this fall, *The Waiting World*, by Rev. Wm. R. Huntington; *Ned Grant's Quest*, a juvenile, by the author of the popular *Bertha Weisser's Wish*; *Miss Matty*; or, *our Younger Passenger*, a tale of the sea, reprinted from the English; *Fannie and Robbie*, a year book for children of the church; new editions of Rev. Edward Monro's *Dark River* and *Journey Home and Dark Mountains*; *Frank Stirling's Choice*, a book for boys in the choice of a profession, by Miss Maria H. Bulfinch, daughter of Rev. S. G. Bulfinch, of Cambridge; and *Hours with the Lord*, a devotional book translated from the German. They are also preparing in elegant style, to match Miss Waring's *Hymns*, the *Hymns of Harriet McEwen Kimball*, which have been well known from their circulation in periodicals and newspapers.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

## THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 15, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

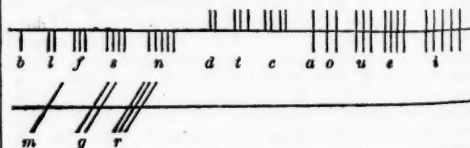
SIR: I am glad to find from the interesting and exhaustive addition of facts concerning Charles Wolfe and his poem *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, furnished by one of your correspondents for your number of August 18, that the lines mentioned in my article of August 4 were actually the original ones. I felt that they were;

but thinking it possible that the author might have sent the original to press, I hesitated to give my impression.

The letter of which they form a part is, like the trial sketches of Raphael in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence and those of other of the great masters there and elsewhere, and many other valuable papers, both sides of which have been used, imprisoned between two plates of glass, which plates are framed after the manner of pictures.

I hope you may favor your readers with a description of a few more of the many objects of great interest contained in the Royal Hibernian Academy. Meanwhile, having spent an hour or two there, I am now able to recall two or three of the objects which most attracted my attention. One of these is the room set apart for the mementoes of Tom Moore, the poet soul of Ireland. Among these are his favorite arm-chair, Irish harp, and, most interesting of all, many of his MSS. and his library, consisting of nearly 2,000 volumes, mostly of the English poets, of speeches, of clerical works in the original, and of books of travel. All of these were presented to the academy by Mrs. Moore after the poet's death. It was with sensations of greatest reverence, strangely mixed with delight, that I beheld this mine in which the master had delved for the then unpolished gems of his *Lalla Rookh*. Nearly all of the books contain Moore's autograph in full on the fly-leaf, written in a fine, delicate, but round and clear hand, indicating care and neatness. All of the books I examined contained a coat of arms pasted inside of the front lid, after the custom of gentlemen having armorial bearings. The most striking feature of this coat of arms was a negro's head. I am not aware that Moore was entitled to, or used, armorial bearings. Perhaps these were placed in the books by former owners, who may have been some of Moore's noble patrons. But, after all, it was probable that the grocer's son, of 15 Angier Street, inherited the right to use armorial bearings, since far more persons in Great Britain use them by virtue of the rules of heraldry and the payment of an annual tax of five pounds than by virtue of the *sangre azul*.

There is also a large room with galleries full of Irish antiquities, such as urns containing burnt bones, the remains, doubtless, of human sacrifices; rude mills of stone for crushing grain, pieces of pottery, domestic implements, and weapons of wood, stone, iron, and bronze, and the molds in which the latter were cast, those of bronze always being in the best state of preservation; also, ornaments of gold, silver, and the inferior metals, for the fingers, wrist, neck, hair, head, ears, and waist (often displaying very fine workmanship), and, more interesting than all these, a wooden kit of *butter*; a suit of hair of a fashionable female, which, in the style of the time, was done up on a rolling-pin; and almost whole garments of a strong but very coarse texture, resembling that of gunny-bags, only softer, and whole shoes made of raw-hide. So numerous and well-preserved are these evidences of the long-ago of Ireland that from them an expert antiquary could almost construct and furnish abodes and entire villages after the style of that long-gone time. The depth, too, at which these articles were found in the bogs attest to their great antiquity, while the condition they were in when found proves the preservative character of the bogs themselves. Another object of peculiar interest in this room is a curious old stone, covered with hieroglyphics, that was found, many years ago, in the vicinity of the Pass of Dunloe, in the Killarney region. It has been maintained by some that this stone throws much light on the Ogam, or early Celtic or Druidical, language (as many consider it); in fact, that it bears the same relation to this language that the celebrated Rosetta stone of the British Museum does to the Egyptian characters. The Ogam alphabet consists of sixteen letters or characters, commonly inscribed on the sharp edge of a stone—often, however, above and below a line, thus:



as given by the Irish scholar O'Halloran. The very limited authority before me goes on to say that "the *Beth-Luis-Moin*, or Irish alphabet, contains but eighteen letters, fashioned differently from the Roman characters, and each symbolically representing a tree or plant. Thus, the letter D—*Duir*—is the name of the oak; O—*Owen*—is the broom; U—*Ur*—is the heath; and I—*Idulho*—is the yew-tree," showing at how early a period existed that vein of sentiment inherent in the true Irish character.

Among a large collection of curious and well-preserved early Irish MSS. I remember to have seen the "*Book of Balmote*," a large bound vellum manuscript, very pas-



sably illuminated, and written by the monks in small Celtic and Ogam characters. The date of its compilation is 1390. It purports to be a history of the world, though chiefly preserving the early legendary history of Ireland, and that of its old families and tribes. It contains, also, the history of the deluge of Noah, and much of our sacred and profane history. It appears from a cotemporary note on the margin to have been bought in 1522 by a Prince of Cashel for "140 milch cows." Should this meet the eye of any one possessing the published proceedings of the Hibernian Academy, *Hall's Hibernia Illustrata*, or other works on Irish antiquities, much interesting matter might be given concerning this queer old book and the Ogam.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

F. S.

## REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

### THE CRISIS OF ROME.\*

IT is reduced almost to a certainty that with the current year what is termed the temporal power of the Papacy will come to an end. The tremendous campaign which reached its climax at Sadowa, unexpected as were its results to many wise men, the French Emperor among the number, involved not only the humiliation of the Kaiser but the overthrow of the Church. So far, at all events, as its glory and its strength depend upon the continuance of that sway established by the donation of Pepin and confirmed and enlarged by Charlemagne, the tremendous fabric which so long has dazzled and awed mankind may be said to be tottering to its fall, and the magnificent record of thirteen centuries to be drawing to a close. The imminent evacuation of Rome by the soldiers of France, the inability of Austria to render further assistance, will have the effect, as has been foreseen by close observers, to reconcile Italy with the Pope; but at the cost of that temporal authority which he has clung to so desperately, and whose longevity in any case will stand without a parallel in history. The importance of the change now fast approaching will at once be exaggerated and unappreciated by different classes of minds. Those who have long been accustomed to regard the Papacy as in a moribund condition, as certain speedily to decay, so that a few years, more or less, would make no great difference, will neither be greatly moved by a catastrophe which they have long anticipated, nor disposed to look for any remarkable or immediate consequences, excepting those vague and general ones which it is the fashion to associate with what is called progress and the increased enlightenment of a superior age. Those who, through the force of their theological convictions, identify the Church of Rome with everything that is bad, and conceive that those who most bitterly oppose and revile her must, in virtue of that fact, be identified with everything that is good, will celebrate the stripping of the Pontificate of its temporal immunities as the harbinger of a golden age, the visible sign of the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven. Those who have preserved their fidelity to the faith through good report and through ill report, in the season of their Church's ascendancy and in that of her humiliation, will mourn the impending event as a sign of the triumph of Antichrist, the deplorable evidence that God has indeed turned away his face from the world. Finally, those whose persuasions are with those of what is styled the Evangelical Church of Italy, seeking as they do to remove what they themselves call pagan usages, scholastic dogmas, and idolatrous ceremonies—the now useless, if formerly necessary, paraphernalia of the Church—find cause for hopefulness and joy in a crisis which, promising to dissociate church and state, will bring opportunities to institute reforms in doctrine, in worship, and in discipline such as will remove the antagonism so long discernible and so long believed to be irremediable between Catholicism and civilization.

Wishes proverbially father thoughts, and never forget them with more obstinate persistency than in relation to subjects of theology. Those who study the subject most deeply, are not apt to be the ones who arrive at most comprehensive or eclectic conclusions;

since the process is usually the result or the accompaniment of plans which suggest predilection or confirm it. But so far as the Church of Rome is measured by the intelligence of the exterior Christian world, it is, perhaps, safe to say that the tendency is marked to forget the stupendous services she has rendered to mankind in the contemplation of her more modern failures and blemishes. Men are too disposed to forget, even when they have taken the pains to investigate the subject at all, how entirely their whole system of civilization, their letters, their art, their jurisprudence, has hinged and depended for a thousand years upon the energy, the elasticity, the sacrifice, and the industry of the Romish Church. Its name to most Protestant minds brings only images of torturing engines and burning martyrs, of winking virgins and bleeding saints; images of things horribly cruel and supremely grotesque in the as it were immediate present, not images of venerable beneficence, of the conservation of light, charity, good-will towards men, clear down through the vista of dark and barbarous centuries to the days of primitive Christianity. There prevails, moreover, a very general misconception as to the actual scope and importance of the temporal sway of the Papacy, partly owing to the clamor of the friends of Italian unity, partly to that of the enemies of Romanism *per se*; partly owing to the obstinate tenacity which always magnifies to mankind the value of what is defended, and partly owing to the habit, which flourishes in Protestant countries as well as in Catholic ones, of clouding and perverting the actual position, physical, moral, or intellectual, of peoples or institutions which we disapprove and would willingly depress.

In point of fact, the temporal dominions of the Pope, consisting primarily of the Italian provinces conquered by Pepin from the Lombards, with the subsequent addition of the territory of Rome itself by Charlemagne at the close of the eighth century, have continued up to our own time, with scarcely any extension or diminution, to form the temporal patrimony of St. Peter. The gigantic scheme of Gregory VII., which was no less than the universal subjection of Christendom to the Holy See, cost him his pontifical chair at the hands of the German Henry IV., and led to the elevation of the anti-Pope Clement III. But although this grand design was in a manner aimed at by successive pontiffs, until it reached its greatest measure of success at the beginning of the thirteenth century, under Innocent III., the sway which was contemplated, we must remember, was spiritual and feudal, not territorial and municipal. The strength of the Church has had no co-extensive relation to the area of her states; it has lain where, with various modifications and under various vicissitudes, it still lies, and where no dismemberment of territory, no curtailment of square miles, can reasonably be expected to affect it. It is certainly true that the priests have stoutly contended that the temporal power is necessary to the independence of the spiritual office; but they will be equally certain to repudiate any such necessary connection when facts shall have put it out of their power to claim respect upon the score of its possession. Dr. Wylie might not, perhaps, altogether approve what we have hitherto written as suggested by his volume; but, so far as the immediately foregoing opinions are concerned, he supplies us a ready indorsement:

"Rome is not the kingdom that is seen; it is the kingdom that is not seen. Rome is not that little bit of wasted territory on the Italian shore; Rome is that great spiritual kingdom whose dark shadow is stretched over two-thirds of Western Europe. She sits enthroned upon the conscience of the nations. She has a kingdom in the minds of men. To a power like this, what matters a few thousand acres more or less?"

"In truth, the Church of Rome is to this hour the strongest confederacy on the earth. She covers a larger territory than any known kingdom. She has more numerous servants than any other power. She has thousands of agents whom she acknowledges, and thousands more whom she does not acknowledge—men who have passed through a peculiar training, who excel in mental acuteness and craft, who penetrate deeper into society and further into the human heart than other men, and who bring motives to bear upon the mind which others cannot wield, and who, although spread over the whole earth, are united, act promptly, have but one interest, and that interest centering in the papal chair. This is a combination of moral and mental power compared with which that of other governments is as nothing. This moral power gives Rome the command of vast material

force, which she will not hesitate to use when the decisive hour shall come."

Dr. Wylie is a clergyman and a Scotchman who has made four visits to Italy and who has resided about a year in that country, and his present volume is in part the fruit of his observations, he having supplemented his personal experience by the study of Italian journals, the many pamphlets, political and religious, which have lately issued from the Italian press, the reports of boards of commerce, and the blue books of the Italian government. He divides his subject into a series of heads, including a glance at the past of Italy, a disquisition on the Italy of today, the "awakening" of the Italian intellect as shown in the demand for political and ecclesiastical independence in the North of Italy, the revival of literature and the fine arts in Tuscany, and the resurrection of pantheistic philosophy in the south of the peninsula. He then proceeds to survey the industrial, commercial, and legislative movements in Italy "as seen in the rapid advance of its trade, and the efforts of its parliament to frame a national system of education, to suppress the conventual establishments, and to emancipate marriage from the exclusive control of the priesthood." Finally, he considers what he denominates the evangelization of the peninsula, by which he means its conversion to Protestantism, and concludes by some general reflections upon the present state of the Pontifical government, the condition of its subjects, the relation of the temporal power to the rest of Europe, and the effect its extinction is likely to have upon Italy and upon the balance of power in Europe. It is scarcely necessary to observe, as this is a reprint of a British publication, that it is written with reference to the condition of affairs before the late momentous campaigns.

Dr. Wylie's general view of existing duties and exigencies may be inferred from the following:

"Italy is the meeting-place of earth's idolatries. Here is the greatest system of error now on the earth—the most subtle in its adaptation to the human heart, the most specious in its assumption of Christianity, and the most skillful in its interminglings with society and human life. Here is a system that combines in itself whatever is peculiar to, or of greatest power in, the other systems—the infidelity of the North, the sensuous mysticism of the East, and the fetishism of the South. . . . Here it is that the world's battle must be fought. Here stands the great hindrance to the world's conversion. That hindrance must be taken out of the way before the light of truth can shine down upon the universal earth. When falls the Papacy, the minor idolatries of the world must fall. The great voice will be heard, as of old, sounding amid the groves and temples of heathendom, and proclaiming, 'Great Pan is dead.' The oracles of the nations will become dumb; and triumphant voices will be heard saying 'Now is come salvation, and the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ.'"

We are not, therefore, surprised to find the least attractive features of Catholicism as it exists among a densely ignorant people painted in unflattering colors. Most things that can be cited in the way of priestly rascalities, miraculous impositions, the gluttonies of monks and the adulteries of nuns, he manages to pack in a succinct and readable form with an air which gives a good deal of body and consistency to his case. We all knew, however, before that there were a great many lamentable evils existent as between the Church and more ignorant populations in Southern Europe which accept its teachings; knew it with all fair allowance for the in some respects unfortunate fact that the representations we receive are, like Dr. Wylie's, almost exclusively *ex parte* ones. The question whereon we get less light than we could wish is whether, it being granted that a better spiritual food might be provided for those populations, they could be induced to take it? We do not believe that the best heads of Italy think they could. Cavour, for instance, as our author admits, did not contemplate the abolition of the Papacy when he enunciated his famous maxim, "A free church in a free state." Neither does this appear to be the idea of the Italian newspapers, of which there are now so many, not even that of the *Temporale* of Florence, whose bitter fulminations against the priesthood Dr. Wylie quotes with so much relish. There are, of course, always abundance of bad stories which make against an obnoxious system, whether it be slavery, Catholicism, or an other; and of course the philosophic mind accepts them *cum grano*. The following about one Father Rocco, a famous preacher of Naples and a great admirer and devotee of St. Joseph, "the carpenter of the confessional," as

\* *The Awakening of Italy and the Crisis of Rome.* By the Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D. New York: Published by the American Tract Society.



he has been termed, is one of our author's strong cases. Father Rocco, preaching in the pulpit one day, is reported thus:

"A brigand," said Father Rocco, 'guilty of murder, of rape, and other sins, having died, was conducted before the tribunal of God, and there condemned. No sooner did St. Joseph learn what had happened, than he rushed into the presence of the Eternal Father, and began to intercede for the brigand.'

"It is not possible." "It is not possible! How? A man who was so greatly devoted to me; a man who always came to the priest for mass, bringing at the same time a goodly portion of his spoils; a man who punctually told his rosary in my honor; a man who—oh yes, he must be admitted among us, or I myself must take my departure."

"Father!" "But you know," continued St. Joseph, 'that by the civil law the husband has the right of property in his wife, and I will take away the queen of heaven. And besides, the wife has power over her son, and if you do not admit my devotee into paradise, I will take away Jesus. And consider well, with him will go all the saints, all the angels, all the martyrs, all the virgins—all will depart, and what then will you do?'

"On the instant, the Eternal Father threw open the door of paradise to the brigand."

This is undoubtedly very shocking, but we should like to see the original Italian, and also to know what Father Rocco said before and said after the quoted passage. Dr. Wylie becomes in the course of his travels very much dissatisfied with what he finds to be the generally accepted scheme of depriving the Pope of his temporality and maintaining his spiritual authority, and occasionally essays a little cautious proselyting of his own. Thus, in traveling from Florence to Rome he has three fellow-travelers, shopkeepers apparently, with him in the diligence:

"Have you renounced Rome," I asked, 'by this convention?'

"No, no, no," exclaimed all three in a breath. Our little parliament decided the matter unanimously, and I believe, could the whole of Italy, the clerical party excepted, have been convened in the diligence, and the vote taken, it would have been not less unanimous.

"But I have my suspicions," I rejoined, 'that Napoleon intends that the removal of the capital to Florence shall be a final measure.'

"Napoleon," said one of the three gruffly, 'we mistrust.' For I must explain, that with a deep feeling of obligation to Napoleon, who set free the country by the war of 1859, which he undertook against the mind of his ministers, and of almost every leading man in France, standing alone as Italy's friend in this matter, there is an unconquerable disposition to suspect his designs.

"But does not the convention itself," I asked, 'provide for the continuance of the Pope in Rome after the expiry of the two years?'

"Only as bishop," was the reply; 'he can have no temporal kingdom: it is contrary to modern civilization.'

"But why then is he to raise an army?" I rejoined; 'men do not need soldiers to defend a spiritual power?'

"We know not; but this we know, that the days of the temporal power are finished," said they. 'If kingdom the Pope must have, let it be in paradise: on earth, kingdom and crown he no longer can have.'

"I was not a little amused to see the Pontiff paid back in his own coin. In former days, when subjects lost their lives and kings their crowns in his service, he was sure to recompense them with drafts on paradise. From this never-failing source did he defray the expenses of crusades, the losses of Philip II., the misfortunes of the Stuarts, and a great many other casualties. And now he is sent to seek his kingdom where he has sent so many others before him to seek theirs. 'Be tranquil,' say the Italians, when stripping him of capital, of tiara, and all; 'think of your kingdom in paradise.'

"We, too," I said, 'in my native Scotland, at a former period, groaned under the temporal power of the bishops, but we got rid of the temporal papacy by first throwing off the spiritual.'

"Oh," exclaimed they all, 'we cannot lose religion; it would dissolve society.'

"But," I hinted, 'we did not lose religion in Scotland; we found it: for getting hold of the Bible, we took our religion from it—the source whence the Pope professes to draw his.'

The book is interesting, and, notwithstanding reasons which have been glanced at for its one-sided character, it contains, without doubt, a great deal of solid and reliable information. At the present juncture it has a peculiar value, and many who have not hitherto given particular attention to the subject are now likely to do so, and to read with avidity aught which can throw light upon its various phases and conditions. We recommend the book for perusal. At the same time we feel bound to deprecate as unphilosophical, and to some extent as intolerant, some of its leading hypotheses. We all know that the Catholic Church is especially unpopular with many Americans by reason of the adventitious circumstance that a large uneducated immigrant population profess it who are in some respects distasteful to natives,

who have given some trouble and caused some uneasiness in the community, and who may give and cause more. Such a circumstance, however, should not blind us to possible facts which may have vast influence upon the future. The theory that the Roman Church is inseparably connected with despotism, and, therefore, diametrically opposed to freedom, so that when freedom triumphs and despotism sinks the Church must sink with it, may be founded in truth. But we might prove to be astonishingly mistaken were we to assume the theory as a certainty. The Church, be it remembered, has nothing more to gain from emperors and kings. The time for that has passed, and, probably, for ever. On the other hand, she will have in the future everything to gain from the people. Who shall say that the Papacy may not ally itself hereafter to democracy as it has been allied in the past to absolutism? or measure the tremendous consequences that might spring from such an alliance? Whatever may be in reserve in so momentous a connection, our duty as Americans is plain. It is that, not alone with Catholicism but with all other forms of religion, of unlimited and kindly toleration; and none the less because the Pope calls toleration a "delirium." Whatever there may be of good in the Church, toleration will certainly make it no worse; whatever there may be of bad, to tolerate is, in the long run, the certain way to crush it.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Life of Robert Owen.* Philadelphia: Ashmead & Evans. 1866.—"Save me from my friends," might be the cry of the illustrious dead whose biographies have been written or "remains" edited by surviving chroniclers; some evincing lack of judgment, like Tom Moore in his treatment of Byron's letters and journals; some seeming utterly careless of the reputation they should have shielded, like Lord Russell in dealing with Tom Moore himself—who thus suffers a retributive justice; others seeking to make a book by raking together with questionable taste unworthy fragments concerning the private life of those "the latchet of whose shoes they are not worthy to unlatch," as in the case of Captain Trelawney; while again there are some who, seeking to celebrate their own peculiar ideas, remorselessly use their hero as a stalking-horse whereon to exhibit their superior lights. Of this latter kind is the author of *The Life of Robert Owen*, that sanguine philanthropist whose whole soul was alive to the great needs of the working classes, and who was ever impetuously seeking to hasten that progress which seems so small when looking at the present, so mighty when looking at the past. Our author takes the well-known *Autobiography* of his subject as a text from which to preach a sermon of 254 pages upon the evils consequent on the "unhappy tendency of our times to lose sight of the fixed, eternal principles on which the moral government of the world is administered, and to recognize as safe guides in education and opinions the crude maxims of visionary and self-conceited philosophers." Being in that happy optimistic frame of mind which is prevalent among certain of the clergy, and which sees in all the hopeless, suffering toil of the poor only a happy illustration of the workings of Divine Providence, it is natural that our author should differ on all points with a violent reformer who was signally wanting in judgment, who desired at any cost to remedy the evils he saw around him, and who united in an extraordinary degree a vast amount of practical talent with a singularly exaggerated mental vision. But while freely conceding the right of a biographer to disagree with or to deplore the opinions, beliefs, or actions of his subject, we must take exception to one who, as it were, stands behind his victim, twisting his every word and action now into contempt and now into ridicule. Every quotation from the *Autobiography* is so used by the author of this book as to render it slightly absurd, every action is carefully weighed to see if it be not found wanting, and every unquestionably good result of Mr. Owen's labors is either utterly denied or grudgingly acknowledged.

Robert Owen, whose name is kept familiar to our ears by the prominence of his son's, Robert Dale Owen, in all the great questions of the day, was born in

North Wales in 1771, and at an age when most youths are solely interested in kites and tops insisted on leaving his home and entering upon the labors of life. Our author indulges in a variety of lamentations concerning the training of the boy while at home. That he had acquired the "baneful habit of superficial reading," and had made the acquaintance "of an eccentric minister." "Of all men," he observes, "to have eccentricities, a minister of Christ's gospel should be the last." We hope the term eccentric does not imply moral perversion. We have known many excellent people who were called eccentric, and we fancied that any slight peculiarity of dress or bearing (such as are often hereditary) might yet be compatible with a Christian life. However much the training might be in fault, Robert, at the age of ten, obtained a situation in a large wholesale linen-draper's establishment, and from that time continued to rise in worldly position by successive leaps, no other word better describing the rapidity of his progress. Even his biographer confesses that his rise must have been owing to rare skill and intelligence, and takes occasion to present a precept for our benefit the moral intention of which is clear, although there is a slight confusion about the pronouns: "That one's character and capacity are often estimated by a standard that he does not suspect is applied, we all know; and hence the importance of really being what we seem to be."

In 1800, Mr. Owen became part owner of the New Lanark Mills, and was thus in a position to put into practical operation a part, at least, of those schemes for the benefit of his fellow-men which appear to have occupied his mind from earliest youth, and which were remarkable for neither interfering with his studies nor his business career, but which rather gave additional energy to his whole life, and spurred him onward to fresh effort in all directions. But, like most men of strong will, he did not run easily in double harness, and there were many changes of partners at New Lanark. His violent prejudice against all religious forms was sufficient ground for disagreement; but in all changes his successful management was demonstrated by the large profits that accrued, even while mere profit seemed but his secondary object. His private life appears to have been exemplary and his expenditure liberal, for his biographer chronicles with some acerbity that he "kept a carriage for the use of his own family, and another for the Misses Dale, his wife's sisters, who lived with him."

Infant schools were opened at New Lanark in 1816, and seem to have worked admirably, for, owing to their success, schools of the same kind have since been established throughout England. Pastor Oberlin's labors in a similar direction undoubtedly preceded Mr. Owen's; but it is mainly to the latter's example that England owes her system in its present form. Mr. Owen's critic takes various exceptions to the schools at Lanark, one being that a traveler "upon visiting the music-room, where he expected to hear a hymn, was surprised by a silly love ditty, with a chorus—

'And will you love me, deary?' etc."

while half a dozen little fellows were "piping notes that were by no means harmonious." In the dancing-room he saw some with shoes and some barefoot. "The dancing-master was the painter and glazier of the village, who, after handling the brush all day, took up the fiddle at night." We should have thought it a pleasant sight if the painter and the shoeless urchins thus forgot a toilsome day.

Mr. Owen's later years were full to overflowing of labor. By writings, speeches, and efforts in all directions, he strove to amend the conditions of life in a world wherein few see their way so clearly as his fortunate and enlightened biographer appears to do. The experiment at New Harmony gave rise to many attempts of a similar character, which must yet be fresh in our readers' minds and, possibly, in their experience. That Mr. Owen delivered Sunday lectures is mentioned with censure, yet to Sunday lectures on all possible subjects do the friends of the working-man in England at the present time look for their greatest help. His efforts in aid of co-operative clubs were most energetic; and the success of the Rochdale Pioneers seems to escape the notice of our author, who speaks slightly of the good to be at-



tained by such means. Cheered by the friendship of all who surrounded him, conscious of the appreciation of many remarkable minds—among them Jeremy Bentham, who comes under the lash of Mr. Owen's unsparing critic, who calls him a "pseudo-philosopher"—peacefully and full of years, the philanthropist died in 1858. If the subject of much criticism, he must have also been the object of much respect and love, for all classes in his native town made public demonstration of their grief and joined in his funeral procession.

The biographer's criticisms on Mr. Owen's belief in spiritualism are scarcely tempered by that gentleness the lack of which in Mr. Owen is so severely judged; but the angel of charity seems ever to flee away terrified by the clash of conflicting weapons in religious controversy. To say that this work is totally without merit would be ungenerous and untrue, and we have before now expressed some views with respect to it with which the present ones may appear inconsistent. But an extended examination and a more matured reflection have modified our previous estimate, which assuredly did not take into account features now stigmatized and which deserve all the censure they have here received.

As a whole, the book is but a poor review of the *Autobiography*, giving little evidence of that culture and acquaintance with the vexed questions of the present day necessary to the fair analysis of a character like that of Robert Owen, who, had it been possible for him to read it, might have felt that it supplied a good illustration of his own aphorism, "That where instruction from infancy in any religion results in a conscientious belief in it, it produces imbecility of mind;" an opinion which we need not indorse when we affirm that it is at all events strikingly applicable to the bigoted and foolish writer whose book we have thus briefly reviewed.

*The Hidden Sin. A novel. With numerous illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866. Pp. 189.*—After conscientiously wading through the 189 pages of this novel, we arrive in the last paragraph at a solution of the question which has so often puzzled us during its perusal, namely, why the book was ever written at all. We are not surprised to learn that the entertainment of the reader was not the writer's object; but that this long train of impossible events, of unnatural crimes detailed with wearisome exactness, could be written for his instruction is decidedly a startling announcement.

The individual who tells the story—writing in the first person, and with very little regard to the rules of English grammar—informs us that he arrived in London on Christmas day and went to the old Greek coffee-house in Finsbury Pavement. While there, "two men in earnest conversation entered," and took possession of an adjoining box. One was a Jew, who "was listening in a friendly manner to the elder—I was going to say, gentleman—but that term did not exactly apply to either of the pair; though respectably dressed, they were both unmistakably clerks, fresh from mercantile offices and in their holiday trim."

The listener, whose name is Lucien, evinces no surprise on hearing the history of his own family narrated at considerable length by one of the strangers; and as he left his home at an early age, and had been absent from the country sixteen years, he for the first time gets a true account of the disappearance of his brother Raymond, who is supposed to have been murdered. Lucien is subsequently invited to the house of Mr. Forbes, who is described as a shy, nervous, and very proud man, and who lives in a retired manner with his daughter at Notting Hill. The extraordinary favors he confers on Lucien and his family, the mystery which surrounds him, and the "troubled, terrible expression" which so often comes over him, would enable a reader with very little penetration to discover very early in the narrative the hidden sin of the banker, although his confession of the murder is withheld until the close.

From an uncle in America, Lucien brings a letter of introduction to Madame Palivez, the last of that ancient line, and who, although not yet arrived at middle life, had managed the banking-house of which she was the head for more than twenty years, "highly reputed among mercantile men for abilities to hold

her own and increase the riches and honors of the heirless house." This extraordinary, but rather selfish and not particularly interesting, person is surrounded by more magnificence and mystery than any heroine of whom we have read since the days of Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis. The door of her apartments connecting with the banking-house in Old Broad Street is opened by an Oriental servant, who wears a purple tunic and amber sash. "I rose and followed him," says Lucien, "through the passage across a central court roofed with glass. There were parterres of beautiful flowers, a marble fountain in the middle, and many windows looking into it; a broad marble stair with a gilt bannister led to the first floor; a lofty hall, hung round with portraits similar to those in the waiting-room, but far more numerous, and some ladies among them. Its mosaic pavement and walls painted in arabesque, the deep silence which seemed to reign throughout the mansion, and the ante-room all hung with old Byzantine tapestry, into which my guide conducted me, had a new and strange effect on my fancy, which was rather heightened when he drew aside one of the massive curtains and ushered me through a carved gilt archway into a large apartment with high windows of stained glass opening into a conservatory, from which I caught the odor of exotic flowers." Rather a curious *mise en scène* for Old Broad Street. Lucien becomes a clerk in the Palivez bank, and in time the confidential friend of madame; though that a woman who has ambassadors at her feet and princes in her train can be bored with such a stupid companion surpasses belief.

During one of their long conversations she gives Lucien a sketch of her family history, which was reckoned old and illustrious among the Greeks settled in southern Russia: "Archons of Athens were among our ancestors; but, like many of the Greek patricians, we removed to Byzantium when Constantine the Great made it his capital and founded the Eastern empire. An accusation of worshipping Jupiter made us emigrate first to the flourishing city of Novgorod and afterwards to Kiev, still the holy place of the North, and then chosen by Saint Vladimir as the capital of his new christened kingdom." From that period the Palivezi lived and traded among the Greeks of Russia. Eusebius, one of the descendants of this illustrious line, in obedience to the will of the czar, married Yermiska, a Tartar princess, and the last descendant of Zingus Khan. Great was the indignation of the princess, who was in love with a Calmuck Tartar, and terrible were the effects of her vengeance. The night before her marriage she drank a potion prepared by a Calmuck sorceress, the effect of which was to transmit hereditary and irremediable madness to the utmost generation of her descendants. This amiable lady enjoyed thirty years of quiet married life and died of the plague, leaving three sons and two daughters. Strange to relate, she kept her secret all that time, but on her death-bed revealed it to her husband, and died praying that the prophet would transmit the curse. Accordingly, at the age of fifty the eldest son went mad, and the younger, to avoid the same doom, hit upon the expedient—which his descendants followed for ten generations—of causing his successor to put an end to him at the first appearance of insanity. Madame Palivez acknowledges that in obedience to this dire necessity she murdered her father, and she now calls upon Lucien, as she has no successor, to do the same service for her. He agrees after some slight hesitation, and resolves in his quiet, unimpassioned way to commit suicide at the same time. If, instead of listening to and acquiescing in all this nonsense, he had prescribed a strict system of water-cure, it would probably have been more to the purpose. There are murders and attempts at murder, with all the stage accessories of spies, lunatics, poisons, flashing knives, and mute attendants; but we have no space for a more lengthy notice—nor has the work sufficient merit to demand it.

*How I Managed My House on Two Hundred Pounds a Year. How I Managed My Children from Infancy to Marriage. Comfort for Small Incomes. By Mrs. Warren. Boston: Loring. Pp. 95, 125, 94. 1866.*—Evidently a notable housewife, Mrs. Warren has connected on the thread of narratives which in themselves are pleasing those manifold experiences of the trials and

perplexities, the ailments of children and inefficiency of servants, whose discussion possesses such charms for all matrons. Were it not that it is observable that each lady is intent rather on dilating upon her own troubles than hearing about those of her friends, such works as these might be expected to strike a new and most popular chord. That they have answered a general want may be inferred from the sale, in England, of twenty thousand copies of the first of them within a year of its publication. If it were a possible thing to accomplish by precept and example what hard experience often fails to effect, Mrs. Warren's three little books might be accepted as a means of reforming the households of Christendom. As it is, without being unduly sanguine, it may be safely prophesied that they will prove to many a young housekeeper the chart by which to avoid the rocks on which their predecessors have split and lapsed into the hopeless shipwreck of a dreary and undurable home. They are essentially shrewd, observant, and clear manuals of domestic economy. We can scarcely recommend their perusal to gentlemen who object to the feminine discussions of microscopic practical detail. Even in the case of the sex for whom it is designed, *How I Managed My Children* ranges over so exhaustive a field that, to put in practice all it inculcates, the lady reader must either be endowed with preternatural resources of memory, have children of either sex and at all stages of development between earliest infancy to marriageability, or else read the book by such slow stages as to complete it twenty years or upwards after its commencement. As a whole, the three little books may be regarded as a popular epic, combining the merits of a mild novel, a treatise upon wholesome everyday morality, and a poetized recipe book.

*Moreton Hall; or, the Spirits of the Haunted House. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Pp. 107.*—Had the author of *Moreton Hall* concentrated his energies upon a brief narration of the capture of a band of smugglers on the southwestern coast of Scotland, he might, with a little more originality and vigor of description, have furnished, from the only incidents in his work, sufficient matter for a column in one of our weekly blood-and-thunder papers; but the attempt to expand such extremely slender materials into the form and substance of a book is an insult to the taste and discrimination of the public and a serious imposition on the much-enduring confidence of the publishers. On the title-page we are pleonastically informed that this is a "true tale of real life." The truthfulness scarcely extends to the characters. We have the old, stereotyped dishonest steward and an honest sailor requesting that some one may "shiver his topsails;" likewise an innocent young lady, whose beauty "is formed for the quiescent sanctuary of home." The hero of the story is wounded by one of the smugglers, and the lady, while endeavoring to stanch the blood, receives from him for the first time a declaration of his passion. Of the writer's knowledge of the manner in which a young woman would really and truly act under the circumstances, our readers may judge from the following extract:

"Oh mercy! heavenly Father!" cried Miss Sudley, in the agony of fear, as she perceived the increasing weakness of Brande, 'he is fainting, dying, and no help near! Oh my heart! how can I bear this,' she continued, abandoning herself to the uncontrollable excitement of the moment, and gently raising his head. 'Oh leave me not now, my life, my soul! Oh how can I bear this—this mocking of bliss! Awake, arise, live—live, if but for my sake!' she added, bending over his pale face and pressing her lips upon his seemingly unconscious brow."

The author of *Moreton Hall* wisely withholds his name, as well as that of the paper in which the highly eulogistic notice appeared which is printed on the cover of the volume.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston.—Elements of International Law. By Henry Wheaton, LL.D. Eighth edition. Edited with notes by Richard Henry Dana, Jr., LL.D. Pp. 749. 1866.  
Familiar Quotations: Being an Attempt to Trace to their Source Passages and Phrases in Common Use. By John Bartlett. Fourth revised edition. Pp. x., 480, 8. 1866.  
ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.—Charles Lamb. A Memoir. By Barry Cornwall. Pp. 304. 1866.  
CARLETON, New York.—Pastimes with My Little Friends. By Martha Haines Butt Bennett. Pp. 178. 1866.  
PAMPHLETS, ETC.  
LORING, Boston.—Comfort for Small Incomes. By Mrs. Warren. Pp. 94. 1866.  
How I Managed My Children from Infancy to Marriage. Pp. 125. 1866.



T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—Moreton Hall; or, The Spirits of the Haunted House. Pp. 107. 1866.  
We have also received, since our last acknowledgment, The American Journal of Numismatics, No. 5; The New York Social Science Review, Vol. II., No. 3; The New York Medical Journal, No. 18; Forty-fifth Annual Report of the Mercantile Library Association, New York; The Radical, Vol. II., No. 1, Boston; The Indiana School Journal, Indianapolis.

## ART.

## ART NOTES.

HORATIO STONE, the sculptor, has taken his departure for Rome, where he is to execute the statue of Alexander Hamilton for which an appropriation has been made by Congress.

The London Review has some severe remarks concerning the illustrations of *Punch*. The artists of that periodical, says *The Review*, have pushed their affectation of a particular style to the verge of slovenliness, and are anything but worthy successors of Leech and Doyle.

MR. GEORGE RICHMOND, who has lately been elected a member of the Royal Academy in the place of Sir Francis Grant, the new president, was in great request some years ago for his crayon portraits drawn on tinted paper. Subsequently he painted portraits in water-colors, but of late years he has worked exclusively in oil. His art reputation rests upon his portraits only, other subjects occasionally painted by him not having been very successful.

SCHAUSS has on view now a large painting by Mrs. Lily M. Spencer representing a *Picnic Party on the Fourth of July*. An engraving of this picture is to be made.

SOME English critics are severe upon Landseer and other painters who characterize animals, making them appear as actors in little social dramas. This class of art, according to one writer, is best interpreted by the ingenious artisans who group stuffed frogs and monkeys and make them tell a "little story." Surely Mr. W. H. Beard ought to have something to say on this subject.

THE mention in an English paper of a portrait by Gavin Hamilton, reminds us that several years ago a number of drawings by that artist were unearthed in some obscure nook of this city. Hamilton was famous in the last century for his charming *pastel* likenesses of the belles and beaux of the period. The ones to which we refer were of large miniature size, drawn in crayon upon gray paper, with slight touches of color—a style very suitable for a time when ladies put on a great deal of rouge and used hair-powder. The drawings came into the hands of a connoisseur, and were in excellent preservation when we saw them, but they were afterwards damaged, if not totally lost, by an accident to a steamboat.

THERE is a striking portrait of General Grant now to be seen in Schauss's gallery. It is painted by Balling, who has succeeded in infusing a good deal of character into the face and figure of the general. The picture is a life-size three-quarter one, and the great commander is represented in an easy attitude, with a well-battered hat on and a cigar in his left hand. A map, spy-glass, and other accessories make up the composition of the picture, which is one evincing considerable power.

WE think, but are not certain, that we lately saw an announcement of the discovery of a plumbago mine somewhere in the British provinces; and the subject is one of importance to artists. There is likely to be a scarcity soon of the mineral in question, if it be true, as we have seen stated, that the famous mine of it near Keswick, in Cumberland, is nearly exhausted. That mine, for many years, was worked only at long intervals; but so great was the demand for the mineral for the manufacture of pencils that, even with this economy, the supply at last became very limited. Plumbago, which is a carbon, and has no lead in its composition, is also used for certain processes connected with the manufacture of iron; and, although there are mines of it existing in several parts of the world, yet for the finer quality, such as alone is proper for artists' pencils, the Cumberland mine is, we believe, the only one as yet discovered.

MENTION is made of the discovery of a supposed Vandyke portrait at Quebec. It is stated to have been presented, many years ago, by the then commander of the forces to a merchant of that city, in whose family it still remains. The suspicion of its being from the hand of the great portrait painter does not appear to have arisen until lately, however, nor have we heard whether the picture has yet been authenticated by any reliable expert.

AMONG the prizes to be issued at some future time by the London Art Union Society will be an engraving of Macclise's famous wall-picture in the Westminster Palace, the subject of which is the *Meeting between Wellington and Blucher, after Waterloo*. Mulready's well-known

picture, *Choosing the Wedding Gown*, is also to be issued, in chromo-lithograph, by the same society. We remember an amusing circumstance that happened several years ago in connection with the latter picture. Among the answers to correspondents in a London paper was a paragraph purporting to give a distant inquirer a full and true description of the colors in Mulready's picture. Hereupon a writer in another paper comes out with a letter falsifying the assertions of the first writer in every particular, to the extent, in fact, of saying that not one of the colors given in that person's reply to the correspondent was to be found in the painting referred to! This compelled the provider of general information to partake of "humble pie," and he inserted a paragraph among his next answers confessing that he had never seen Mulready's picture, but had drawn up his description of it from a colored lithograph copy.

## LITERARIANA.

## AMERICAN.

MR. THOMAS DE VOE, known as the author of a *History of the New York Markets*, has finished a work on the subject of *Human Food*, the first part of which is now in the press. It will make a large twelvemo of about five hundred pages, illustrated with drawings by the writer, and will embrace not only every species of animal flesh offered for sale in the markets of the world, but all kinds of game, poultry, fish, vegetables, fruit, etc., with the proper seasons of each, and rules for distinguishing those which are suitable for food from those which are unsound or unhealthy. In the matter of fish, Mr. De Voe is said to be particularly learned, having obtained many rare specimens, which he has cooked and eaten himself in order to test their edible qualities.

THE literature of tobacco is more considerable than one who is ignorant of its stores would think. The late F. W. Fairholt devoted a volume of between three and four hundred pages to its history and associations, and a very entertaining and amusing volume it is, abounding in the antiquarian lore which was his specialty through life. Beginning with the plant itself in its native home, America, he traces it and its literary celebrations in Europe, after which he treats of pipes, cigars, snuff, snuff-boxes, etc., and the culture, manufacture, and consumption of tobacco. We gather from his volume and from what we have read elsewhere that the English poets as a class were smokers. We forget whether Shakespeare speaks of tobacco, but we are certain that Ben Jonson and his contemporaries are full of allusions to "the weed." Milton smoked, we remember, and so we imagine did most of the poets of his time—the melancholy Cowley, perhaps, excepted. Of course Dryden smoked; how otherwise would he have been "glorious old John?" Pope, we fancy, eschewed tobacco in all its forms, and possibly the elegant Addison; but Prior must have smoked, and Gay, and Thomson; while Swift must have reveled in tobacco, puffing the black dhudeen of his country, and chewing other cuds than those of sweet and bitter fancy. We forget, if we ever knew, whether Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth used tobacco; the Utopian dreams of the first two in their youth look like it, we must confess. Lamb did, we know, for he has not written on the subject a loving anathema, in which he curses and blesses his idol in the same breath? Tennyson is a great smoker, and, we judge, Browning; so are all the American poets with whom we have come in contact, especially the younger ones, who are as expert at "blowing clouds" as ever Æolus was of old. Mr. Lowell has celebrated his worship of the dusky goddess in a noble poem, which was originally published in *Putnam's Magazine*, and which, we believe, is not reproduced in the collected edition of his poetical works. As we began by speaking of the literature of tobacco, let us subjoin a couple of specimens thereof for the benefit of such of our readers as may not have turned their attention in that direction. Here is a sonnet by old Sir Robert Ayton, who loved Ben Jonson, and who was an ancestor of the Aytoun of our own day:

"Forsaken of all comforts but these two,  
My fagot and my pipe, I sit to muse  
On all my crosses, and almost excuse  
The heavens for dealing with me as they do.  
When Hope steps in, and with a smiling brow,  
Such cheerful expectations doth infuse  
As makes me think ere long I cannot choose  
But be some grandee, whatso'er I'm now.  
But having spent my pipe, I then perceive  
That hopes and dreams are cousins—both deceive.  
Then mark I this conclusion in my mind,  
It's all one thing—both tend into one scope—  
To live upon Tobacco and on Hope:  
The one's but smoke, the other is but wind."

Our second selection is from an American poet, who, so far, has concealed himself behind his initials, although

he might well have come forward and claimed his nicotine chaplet. It is taken from *The Tobacco Leaf*, a weekly organ of the tobacco trade of the United States, of which we have only seen the number before us, which bears the date of December 23, 1865. Thus our anonymous poet, in the spirit of Horace Smith or Præd:

## ON RECEIPT OF A RARE PIPE.

TO T. J. H.

I lifted off the lid with anxious care,  
Removed the wrappings, stripe after stripe,  
And when the hidden contents were laid bare,  
My first remark was: "Mercy, what a pipe!"

A pipe of symmetry that matched its size,  
Mounted with metal bright—a sight to see—  
With the rich amber hue that smokers prize,  
Attesting both its age and pedigree.

A pipe to make the Royal Friedrich jealous,  
Or the great Teufelsdröck with envy gripe!  
A man should hold some rank above his fellows  
To justify his smoking such a pipe!

What country gave it birth? What blest of cities  
Saw it first kindle at the glowing coal?  
What happy artist murmured, "Nunc dimittis,"  
When he had fashioned this transcendent bowl?

Has it been hoarded in a monarch's treasures?  
Was it a gift of peace, or prize of war?  
Did the great Khalif in his "House of Pleasures"  
Wager, and lose it to the good Zaafar?

It may have soothed mild Spenser's melancholy,  
While musing o'er traditions of the past,  
Or graced the lips of brave Sir Walter Raleigh  
Ere sage King Jamie blew his *Counterblast*.

Did it, safe hidden in some secret cavern,  
Escape that monarch's pipoclastic ken?  
Has Shakespeare smoked it at the Mermaid Tavern,  
Quaffing a cup of sack with rare old Ben?

Ay, Shakespeare might have watched his vast creations  
Loom through its smoke—the specter-haunted Thane,  
The Sisters at their ghastly invocations,  
The jealous Moor and melancholy Dane.

'Round its orb'd haze and through its mazy ringlets  
Titania may have led her elfin rout,  
Or Ariel fanned it with his gauzy winglets,  
Or Puck danced in the bowl to put it out.

Vain are all fancies—questions bring no answer;  
The smokers vanish, but the pipe remains;  
He were indeed a subtle necromancer  
Could read their records in its cloudy stains.

Nor this alone; its destiny may doom it  
To outlive e'en its use and history—  
Some playman of the future may exume it,  
From soil now deep beneath the Eastern sea—

And, treasured by some antiquarian Stultus,  
It may to gaping visitors be shown,  
Labeled, "The symbol of some ancient Cultus,  
Conjecturally Phallic, but unknown."

Why do I thus recall the ancient quarrel  
'Twixt Man and Time, that marks all earthly things?  
Why labor to re-word the hackneyed moral,  
"Ὡς φύλλων γένεθ, ὥς ὁμῆρας σίγηθ;"

For this: Some links we forge are never broken;  
Some feelings claim exemption from decay;  
And Love, of which this pipe was but the token,  
Shall last, though pipes and smokers pass away.

W. H. B.

A NEW Southern magazine is announced to appear in New Orleans on the 1st of October. Its title is *The Southwestern*.

MR. GEORGE M. TOWLE, United States consul at Nantes, is engaged upon a *History of Margaret of Anjou*, for which he is collecting materials in the neighborhood where that queen spent her early years.

MR. COOPER will rank among the poets if he can write many such poems as this:

## AFTER.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;  
After the snow, the emerald leaves;  
Silver stars when the day is done;  
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky;  
After the tempest, the lull of waves;  
Quiet woods when the winds go by;  
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;  
After the bud, the radiant rose;  
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;  
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed;  
After the flight, the downy nest;  
After the furrow, the waking seed;  
After the shadowy river—rest!

THE Rev. Thomas Bulfinch, author of *The Age of Fable*, etc., is about to publish a new work entitled *Oregon and El Dorado; or, Romance of the Rivers*. As regards the first named, it may be interesting to state that the father and grandfather of Mr. Bulfinch were somewhat connected with its early history, being among the getters-up of a voyage which was made from Boston in 1788, and which resulted in the discovery of the Columbia river and the



adjacent territory. From documents in his possession and other sources, Mr. Bullfinch has written a history of the expedition and the later exploration of the country by Lewis and Clarke. The second part of his work is an account of the various expeditions which were sent out by the Spaniards, shortly after their discovery of Mexico and Peru, in search of the gorgeous but unsubstantial empire of El Dorado, which, if it ever existed, had faded long before, like a sunset cloud—

"Nor left a wreck behind."

MR. PAUL H. HAYNE sends us the following graceful sonnet from Augusta, Georgia:

#### THE COTTAGE ON THE HILL.

On a steep hill-side to all airs that blow  
Open, and open to the varying sky,  
Smiles our small cottage-home, which tranquilly  
Catches morn's earliest and eve's latest glow.  
Here, far from worldly strifes and pompous show,  
The peaceful seasons glide benignly by,  
Fulfill their missions, and as calmly die  
As waves on quiet shores when winds are low;  
Fields, lonely paths, the one small glimmering rill  
That twinkles like a wood-fay's mirthful eye  
'Neath the moist bay-leaves—clouds fantastical  
That float and change at the light breeze's will;  
To me, thus lapped in sylvan luxury,  
Are more than death of kings or empires' fall!

#### FOREIGN.

THE cottage in which Burns was born at Alloway is advertised for private sale. A clay-built thatched hut, it was built by the poet's father, with his own hands, in December, 1757, thirteen months before the birth of his now famous son, and remains in about the condition in which he left it, with the exception of two rooms and a large hall which have since been added. As two thousand pounds are said to have been raised for the purchase of the house and land, it is hardly likely to pass into private hands.

A STORY of remarkable talent, not to say genius, appeared lately in England, in the shape of a translation from the Norwegian. The title is *Arne*, and its author Herr Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, a young Norwegian novelist, dramatist, critic, and man of letters generally. He began his career while at the university by writing a play, *Valburg*, which he sent to the managers of the theater at Christiania, by whom it was accepted, though it was subsequently withdrawn by its author, who turned his attention for a time to criticising the Norwegian stage, which, we are told, he was the means of improving, especially by partly releasing it from the undue Danish influence which prevented it from becoming truly national. He then contributed to the periodicals a series of sketches which are highly spoken of, after which he traveled to Hamburg and Copenhagen, where he lived a studious life and worked hard at his profession. While residing in the latter city he wrote the first half of a tale called *Synnøve Solbakken*, which was published complete in 1857, and not only made his reputation, but was the commencement of a new literary era in his native land. His works since that time are several dramas, a number of sketches, and the story of *Arne*, which has been done into English, as already mentioned, by Augusta Plesner and S. Rugeley Powers. *Arne*, the hero, the natural son of a drunken tailor, of whom we are soon rid, is a genius, and the object of the book is to depict his life internally and externally, and in this it is eminently successful. It is equally fine as a picture of the national life of Norway, or, more strictly speaking, of Norwegian country life, which is primitive to a degree. The characters are drawn with a firm but loving hand, even the graceless father of *Arne* coming in for a share of one's commiseration. The heroine, Eli, is a true woman, and nothing can be more beautiful than the scene in which she is beguiled by the mother of *Arne* into his chamber, where she is shown the presents that he has from time to time bought for her, but has never had the courage to give her. The tears well up to the eyes in reading it, as, indeed, they often do at its exquisite touches of nature. *Arne* is a book that could only have been written by a man of genius of the North of Europe. Its elements are foreign to the heart and the brain of an Englishman or a Frenchman, but such are native in the simple, poetic understandings of the Germans, the Danes, and the Norwegians. These people seem to be nearer the heart of the Great Mother than their more polished and conventional brethren farther south. They write with a freshness, a sweetness, and a sympathy for which we may look in vain among cotemporary English authors, and can seldom find in French ones, except when they are describing the pastoral life and homely ways of the peasants of their own land, as those of Brittany, for instance, who are so charming on paper, whatever they may be in reality. *Arne* is a prose-poem, an idyl as perfect of its kind as any of Theocritus. And portions of it are more

than prose-poetry, for scattered through the story are a number of little lyrics the flavor of which has not entirely disappeared in the translation. Here is one, which *Arne* sang one spring night at the sick bed of Eli:

"The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown:  
'Shall I take them away?' said the Frost, sweeping down.  
'No; leave them alone  
Till the blossoms have grown,'  
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

"The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung:  
'Shall I take them away?' said the Wind, as he swung.  
'No; let them alone  
Till the berries have grown,'  
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

"The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow:  
Said the girl, 'May I gather thy berries, or no?'  
'Yes: all thou canst see,  
Take them; all are for thee,'  
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low."  
*Arne* is about to be published here, by Mr. Strahan, of this city.

AN unpublished play by Beaumarchais, said to have been discovered in London in a bundle of old newspapers, and purchased for five hundred francs, will shortly be produced at the Theatre Français in Paris.

A NEW edition of *Paradise Lost* is announced in London, with illustrations by Gustave Doré.

THE October number of *The Sunday Magazine* will contain the commencement of a new story by Jean Ingelow, entitled *My Chosen Friends*; *The Huguenot Family in the English Village*, by Sarah Tytler; and *The Seven Consciences, with Cases in Point*, by John de Liefde, author of *Six Months among the Charities of Europe*.

MESSRS. MOXON & Co., the publishers of Tennyson, announce for the first of December an edition of his poem of *Elaine*, with nine full-page illustrations by M. Gustave Doré, engraved on steel. These drawings were made with special reference to this mode of engraving, which is now applied for the first time to the designs of M. Doré. It is said to be the first time, too, that he has illustrated a cotemporary author; but this, we believe, is a mistake. His brother, M. Ernest Doré, says of his work: "Mon frère, a fait cette fois-ci le grand succès qui fera descendre son nom à la posterité." The price of the volume, which is to be an imperial quarto, will be one guinea.

MR. J. HAIN FRISWELL, one of the small-fry of English writers, is severely scored in the last number of *The Bookeller*—the occasion being the appearance of a second edition of a compilation published by him a year or two since under the title of *Familiar Words*. This work, which was severely handled at the time, is neither more nor less than a rehash of Mr. J. Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, of which, by the way, a new edition has just been published in Boston. A more impudent theft of another man's labors, and a more blundering and incoherent use of them, never came to our knowledge.

THE Cambridge Shakespeare, edited by Messrs. W. Aldis Wright and E. Clark, is drawing near completion, the poems and sonnets being already in type. The former gentleman, who, by the way, is the librarian of Trinity College, has lately found among the college manuscripts a curious and pathetic poem on the death of Archbishop Scrope, who was beheaded on the eighth of June, 1405.

#### PERSONAL.

LORD LYTTLETON and Mr. C. S. Calverley are about to translate into Latin a number of English hymns for an annotated edition of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, which is announced by Mr. L. C. Biggs.

THE Rev. H. Rowley, one of the two surviving members of the clerical staff of Bishop Mackenzie, is about to publish a work on the Universities Mission to Central Africa.

MR. SOTHERN lately had a service of plate presented to him by his English admirers.

M. VICTORIEN SARDOU is the most successful of living French dramatists, if we may judge from the run of his last piece, *La Famille Benoiton*, which was performed over four hundred times, and was only withdrawn to make room for a new comedy by George Sand and her son Maurice.

MR. DION L. BOUCICAULT, who, if not great, is certainly industrious, has undertaken, it is said, to furnish four plays for four London theaters, for which he will receive £20,000.

A MR. JAMES M'KIE, of Kilmarnock, is collecting all the editions that he can procure of the Life and Works of Robert Burns. His list at present numbers nearly

two hundred volumes, one hundred and twenty-five different publications. To those who will assist him in extending the collection he will forward a printed proof of his *Bibliotheca Burnsiana*.

MR. GERALD MASSEY is said to believe in spiritualisms, and to be himself a medium. He claims that every idea in his preposterous book on Shakespeare's sonnets was obtained by him direct from the ghost of Shakespeare.

MR. DICKENS'S *Hard Times* has been laid under contribution by Mr. Boucicault for his new play, *The Long Strike*.

M. ROGER DE BEAUVOIR died recently in Paris at the age of fifty-six. He was known as the author of several plays, the best of which, a comedy entitled *Les Chevaliers de Saint-Georges*, is said to be of great merit. He also wrote novels, poems, and was at one time a *redacteur* of the *Corsaire* and *Figaro*. His real name was De Bully, but he abandoned it years since in deference to an old uncle.

MR. GEORGE HENRY FRANCIS, a well-known member of the London and provincial press, died lately in Paris at the age of fifty. He was a contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*, and the author of *The Orators of the Age*, *The Age of Veneer*, and *Cotemporary Orators*.

MR. THOMAS HOOD has freely rendered from the French *The Chivalric History of Croquemitaine and the Times of Charlemagne*.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. have in the press *Frederick the Great and his Court: An Historical Romance*, translated from the German of L. Muhlbach by Mrs. Chipman Coleman and her daughters.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON have in preparation *The King's Ring*, by Theodore Tilton, with illustrations; *The Two Hungry Kittens*, by Theodore Tilton, with illustrations by H. L. Stephens; *One—Two, Buckle My Shoe*, with illustrations by Courtland Hoppin, printed in oil colors; *The Rhyming Story-Book*, with illustrations; *Percy's Year Book of Rhymes*, with illustrations by Courtland Hoppin; *The Truant Chicken*, *The Monkey of Porto Bello*, and *A Jolly Bear and his Friends*, with illustrations by H. L. Stephens; *Out of Town*, by Barry Gray; *The Poems of Alfred B. Street: First Collected Edition*; *Christmas in England*, by Washington Irving (from the *Sketch Book*); *A Friend in Need*, by Thomas Hood, with illustrations; and *A Brief Dictionary of Cotemporary Biography*, compiled by Frederick Martin.

MR. LAWRENCE KEHOE will soon publish *The See of St. Peter—the Rock of the Church, the Source of Inspiration, and the Center of Unity*, by Thomas William Allies, M.A., lecturer on history to the Catholic University of Ireland.

MR. JOSEPH GWILT is about to publish *An Encyclopedia of Architecture, Historical, Theoretical, and Practical*.

THE Rev. Edward Rogers, M.A., has in press *Some Account of the Life and Opinions of a Fifth-Monarchy Man*, chiefly extracted from the Writings of John Rogers, Preacher.

SIR J. EMERSON TENNANT, LL.D., etc., has in preparation *The Wild Elephant, its Structure and Habits, with the Method of Taking and Training it in Ceylon*.

THE Rev. Oliver Raymond, LL.B., who, if a disciple of Walton, is a very sensitive one, announces *The Art of Fishing on the Principle of Avoiding Cruelty*.

THE irrepressible "Country Parson" has nearly ready a new book, entitled *Sunday Afternoons at the Parish Church of a University City*.

MR. C. R. WELD will soon publish *Florence, the New Capital of Italy*.

MR. CARL ENGEL announces *An Introduction to the Study of National Music, comprising Researches into Popular Songs, Traditions, and Customs*.

MR. WILLIAM HENDERSON has in preparation *Notes on the Folk-lore of the Northern and Southern Counties of England and the Borders*.

PROF. CONINGTON is about to publish a verse translation of *The Æneid* of Virgil.

#### NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can you or one of your readers give me the origin or the proper application of the phrase, "Deus ex machina?"

It is one of very frequent occurrence in the magazines, but I can only recall one instance, in a review of Mr.



Mozley's lectures on miracles, from *The Westminster*, quoted by *The Contemporary Review*, in which the critic objects to the assumption of the immediate action of the "Deus ex machina." I think I have seen it used as if the introduction in a novel of a rich uncle from India, to rescue the hero from otherwise insoluble difficulties, would be to introduce a *Deus ex machina*, confounding the phrase, apparently, with the "deus" in Horace's caution, "Nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus."

I should like to trace the expression "Bread is the staff of life." A friend of mine came across it in *The Tale of a Tub*. Is it known to occur in any earlier composition? Yours very truly, W. W. J.

OWEGO, NEW YORK, September 7, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: A correspondent, "Ph. B. V.," inquires in your last issue who is the author of the following quotation:

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

It may be found in the prologue to some play, the name of which I have forgotten. The prologue itself was written by David Garrick upon quitting the stage, in 1776, and reads thus:

"Their cause I plead—plead it in heart and mind:  
A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind."

Though a familiar quotation, few know its author. The line suggests to the classic student one from the *Æneid* of Virgil, lib. i., 630:

"Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."

Very truly yours, G. M. W.

TROY, N. Y., September 7, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: A correspondent inquires where he may find the oft-quoted line:

"A mere looker-on in Vienna."

It occurs in *Measure for Measure*, act 5, and is spoken by the Duke, while personating Friar Lodowick. Like many other familiar passages, it is, in a majority of cases, perhaps, given wrong. The sentence runs thus:

"My business in this state  
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna."

Most commonly, *Venice* is substituted for *Vienna*.

Yours truly, H. S. D.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Your correspondent, "T.," will find in Scott's *Pibroch of Donald Dhu* the lines:

"Come as the winds come," etc.

Can you inform me whether Fitzjames O'Brien's poems have ever been collected and published in book form? Yours truly, S. X.

September 10, 1866.

Mr. O'Brien's poems have not been collected, we are sorry to say, nor is there any probability that they will be at present. He arranged them for the press three or four years before his death, but could not get a publisher for them, or, more strictly speaking, the publisher he wished, who, for some cause or other, failed to perceive Mr. O'Brien's powers as a poet. They were left at his death, with other of his writings, to the care of Mr. Frank Wood, the first editor of *Vanity Fair*, who was to have edited them, and would have done so, perhaps, had he not died in turn. Into whose hands they passed after Mr. Wood's death, we cannot now remember, although we heard at the time.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: A rather strange blunder is committed by the writer of an article entitled *English Nomads* in a late number of *The London Spectator*. In speaking of one of the vagrants who was in the Newport Union (workhouse), the writer says he was an able fellow and had a tendency toward versification, adding that on the wall of one of the wards he wrote these "remarkable lines":

"No sun, no moon,  
No morn, no noon,  
No sky, no earthly blue,  
No distant looking view,  
No road, no street,  
No t'other side the way,  
No dawn, no dusk,  
No proper time of day,  
No end to any row,  
No top to any steep,  
No indication where to go,  
No sight of familiar people,  
No cheerfulness, no healthy ease,  
No butterflies,  
Nor yet no bees."

"Take away the last two lines," he continues, "and would Hood have been ashamed either of the words or of the ideas?" Had the writer in *The London Spectator* been familiar with Hood, he would have immediately known these lines to have been, with some perversions and except the last three, identical with that poet's humorous piece upon November, entitled *No*, and to be found in any ordinary edition of his poems. It is singular that *The London Spectator* should not have noticed so curious a display of ignorance in their contributor, who thus attributes to a Staffordshire vagrant, known as "Bow Bells," these "remarkable lines" of Hood. W. H. F.

If our correspondent were familiar with the lives of editors, and the thousand and one demands upon their time, their patience, their memories, their scholarship, their heart's blood, we might almost say, he would not

wonder as he does that the editor of *The Spectator* had not read, or, having read, had forgotten the poem of Hood's to which he refers. Our correspondent himself, who probably wrote at his ease in the seclusion of his study, is hardly correct in saying that the garbled lines to which "Bow Street," not "Bow Bells," appended his signature, are "with some perversions, and except the last three, identical with that poet's humorous piece upon November." Let us see what Hood really wrote:

NO!

No sun—no moon!  
No morn—no noon—  
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—  
No sky—no earthly view—  
No distance looking blue—  
No road—no street—no t'other side the way—  
No end to any Row—  
No indications where the Crescents go—  
No top to any steep—  
No recognitions of familiar people—  
No courtesies for showing 'em—  
No knowing 'em—  
No traveling at all—no locomotion—  
"No go," by land or ocean—  
No mail—no post—  
No news from any foreign coast—  
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—  
No company—no nobility—  
No warmth—no cheerfulness—no healthful ease—  
No comfortable feel in any member—  
No shade—no shine—no butterflies—no bees—  
No birds—no fruits—no flowers—no leaves—  
November!

While on this subject we will copy below another poem to which "Bow Street" affixed his name in Newport Union, and which he may have written:

"My unfortunate friends, pray look around,  
And tell me for what is this place renowned;  
The room is large, but the windows are small,  
But that do not much matter at all, at all.  
A pint of skilly for your supper to drink;  
But of sleep you cannot get a wink.  
You may lay on the boards or the chilly floor,  
About as warm as a North American shore  
The old bed is full of fleas all alive:  
I killed in number about five times five.  
They are not poor, but all thorough-bred,  
And before morning you will wish they were all dead;  
And by this and by that it plainly is clear,  
This is the worst relief in all Staffordshire."

The "English nomads," of which "Bow Street" is a very favorable specimen, have a habit of scribbling their names, business, opinions, etc., on the walls of vagrants' wards, as may be gathered from the following extracts, which are copied from the wards of Yorkshire:

"Wolverhampton Nipper bound for London, 24th October, 1865."

"Henry Anderson on the 10th of October, bound for Manchester, 1865."

"Saturday, 17th June, Bow Street, bound for Derbyshire, Amen—Wolverhampton Nipper and Belfast Jack was here 14th September, 1858, bound for London."

"Liverpool Jim. The Red Rover was here the 22d of August, bound for London. Positively the last appearance of this celebrated character."

"Deerfoot, the celebrated runner, was here the 13th of September. No more Staffordshire for him."

"Hungerford Tom, bound for Derby; Yankey Ben, bound for Derby."

"The Dutchman was here on the 21st of September, ragged and lousey, padding the hoof, and getting the mange quite fast.—*The Dutchman*."

"I should dearly like to marry if I could find  
Any gay old donner suited to my mind.—*Jack Sheppard from York*."

"Worcester Joe, Wiggin Tom, longing for a flowing tin of skilly, so that we may warm our belly."

"Long Macclesfield and Cockney was here on 16th of August, 1865, bound for Brum."

"Cockney Harry, of Lambeth, bound for Brum, for jolly rags."

"This is a rum place for a fellow to come to for a night's lodging; you will never catch me here again.—*Old Bob Ridley, oh!*"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Allow me to correct an error which appears in the notice of Herman Melville in *THE ROUND TABLE* for Sept. 8. It is there stated that the last work published by Mr. Melville, prior to his recent volume of *Battle Pieces*, was a collection of tales which originally appeared in *Putnam's Monthly*, and were afterward issued under the name of *Israel Potter*. It is true that Mr. Melville did write a tale with this title, and that it first appeared in the pages of *Putnam's Monthly*. It was published afterwards in a volume by itself, but was not in any sense a collection of tales. The collection referred to, doubtless, is the *Piazza Tales*, some of which (the longest, *Benito Cereno*), and possibly all were likewise originally contributed to *Putnam's Monthly*. This, no doubt, is a small matter to the public generally, but in personal literary intelligence, especially items concerning living authors who have the reputation of Mr. Melville, it is as well to be correct. W. H. F.

New York, September 12, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: The criticisms of Mr. Moon, in his *Dean's English*, on Dean Alford's *Queen's English*, are very cutting and, in the main, very just; yet there is one subject about which he speaks so very decidedly that it has in-

duced me to write this note, both to satisfy myself and my friends. It is in regard to the difference in meaning produced by retaining the "u" as in *tenour*, or omitting it as in *tenor*. He says that its insertion or omission in such words as "honor," "favor," etc., is immaterial with regard to the sense, but that there is an exception to the rule in one word, whose meaning changes with the spelling, viz., *tenour* means "continuity of state," and *tenor* "a certain clef in music." This distinction, he says, is noticed by Dr. Nugent in his *English and French Dictionary*. To prove that the simple insertion of "u" causes *tenor* to change its meaning, he quotes from Gray's *Elegy* the lines—

"Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless *tenour* of their way."

Worcester uses the same passage, and spells the word without the "u," refusing admittance into his dictionary to such a word as *tenour*. Is Worcester wrong? Richardson, I believe, has *tenour*, but no *tenor*. I have consulted other authorities, but have become more befogged than ever, and beg of you and your readers to throw some light upon this subject which Mr. Moon has darkened. HEART OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

WORCESTER, September 13, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In *The Atlantic Monthly* for July, Bayard Taylor says of James Clarence Mangan's translation of one of Rückert's ghazels: "I am especially tempted to quote it on account of the curious general resemblance (accidental, no doubt) which Poe's *Lenore* bears to it." I can trace but little resemblance between the translation and Poe's *Lenore*; but find it to much resemble his *Anabel Lee*. Is it not likely that Taylor referred to the latter? He spells the name "Mangan," whilst in a July number of *THE ROUND TABLE* it is given as "Mangam." Which spelling is correct? Yours truly, S. S. G.

RICHMOND, IND., September 9, 1866.

"Mangam" was what the types made the writer of the article say; the correct name is Mangan.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Some of your correspondents are apt to hunt up some trifling line or two from some odd or antiquated volume and send it to your column of "Notes and Queries," hoping to rack your brain and give unnecessary trouble to the readers of your paper, while not the least desire for information enters into this foolish and inquisitive spirit. The correspondent, "W. W. T. B.," could not see anything worthy of remembrance in those lines from Byron to prompt him to learn where they were from. There is no point, no beauty, no mark of genius stamped upon them, to distinguish them from a thousand other lines Byron penned. No doubt the young gentleman knew who wrote the lines before he sent you the query; and what good is derived from such absurd and gratuitous folly?

I hope we shall see no more such questions propounded in your columns. They are veritable bores to all intelligent readers. Probably these querists lay to heart Byron's racy couplet—

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;

A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't;"

and they believe the same even in a very few lines to which even the initials of their names can be attached. But "a word to the wise," etc., etc. G. S. H.

It scarcely falls within our province to judge of the motives of correspondents who propound queries to us, nor to erect a standard of knowledge up to which they must come before we can admit them into our columns. Trivial as are many of the questions they put, we believe the majority of these writers are as ignorant as they seem, and that they really desire the information they seek, jejune as much of it must appear to those who are better read. At any rate we act upon the old legal maxim which declares that it is better for nine guilty men to escape than for one innocent one to be punished.

## THE ROUND TABLE.

CONTENTS OF No. 54.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 15.

OUR NATIONAL HUMILIATION,  
TEMPERAMENT AS RELATED TO CREATIVE FACULTIES,  
THE APOLOGISTS OF SIN,  
POLITICIANS AND JOURNALISTS,  
NOVEL VIEWS OF MARRIAGE, MISTAKES OF PUBLISHERS.

CORRESPONDENCE:

BELGIUM, BOSTON.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

REVIEWS:

RECENT BRITISH PHILOSOPHY, CHARLES LAMB,  
MORALS OF MAY FAIR,  
THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS:

W. J. WIDDLETON.

ART:

ART NOTES.

LITERARIANA.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

\* \* Back numbers may always be obtained at the Office.



# **NORTH AMERICA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW YORK,**

Presents more favorable terms for Insurance than any other Company in the United States.

**ALL OUR LIFE AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES ARE NON-FORFEITING.**

**THIRTY DAYS OF GRACE ALLOWED ON ANY RENEWAL PAYMENT, AND THE INSURANCE CONTINUED DURING THAT TIME.**

*No Restriction on Travel in the United States or any part of North America north of the southern Cape of Florida, or in Europe, at any season of the year.*

**NO EXTRA CHARGE IN CONSEQUENCE OF CHANGE OF EMPLOYMENT AFTER THE POLICY IS ISSUED.**

In addition to the security heretofore offered, we call particular attention to the following:

By a recent act of the Legislature of the State of New York, the Company is authorized to make special deposits with the Superintendent of the Insurance Department, and receive therefor Registered Policies, bearing the seal of the department, and a certificate that the policy is secured by pledge of public stocks under a special trust, created by an act of the Legislature in favor of the "NORTH AMERICA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY" exclusively. This makes every Registered Policy as secure to the holder as a National Bank Note or a United States Bond.

**DIVIDEND, JAN. 1, 1866, 45 PER CENT.**

## **OFFICERS:**

**T. T. MERWIN, Vice-President.** **N. D. MORGAN, President.**  
**I. J. MERRITT, Actuary.** **J. W. MERRILL, Secretary.**  
**J. H. HENRY, M.D., Medical Examiner.** **C. N. MORGAN, Assistant Secretary.**

## **PHILADELPHIA BRANCH:**

**NELSON F. EVANS, General Agent, 434 Walnut Street.**

## **BOSTON BRANCH:**

**No. 5 TRAVELERS' BUILDING, 20 State Street.**

# **ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY.**

**INCORPORATED 1819.**

**PAID UP CAPITAL, . . . . . \$2,250,000 00**  
**ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1866, . . . . . 4,067,455 80**  
**LIABILITIES, . . . . . 244,391 43**

**LOSSES PAID IN 45 YEARS, \$17,485,894 71.**

**T. A. ALEXANDER, President.**  
**L. J. HENDEE, Secretary.**  
**E. J. BASSETT, Traveling Agent.**  
**A. A. WILLIAMS, General Agent, Worcester, Mass.**

## **NEW YORK AGENCY,**

**62 WALL STREET.**

**JAS. A. ALEXANDER, Agent.**

# **NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.**

**OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET.**

**ORGANIZED 1850.**

**CASH DIVIDENDS IN FIFTEEN YEARS, 253 PER CENT.**

**CASH CAPITAL . . . . . \$1,000,000**  
**SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865 . . . . . 270,000**

**Fair Rates, Large Security, Prompt Payments.**

**P. NOTMAN, Sec'y.** **JONATHAN D. STEELE, Pres't.**

# **HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.**

**45 WALL STREET.**

**AUGUST 1, 1866.**  
**CASH CAPITAL . . . . . \$400,000 00**  
**SURPLUS, over . . . . . 100,000 00**  
**ASSETS, over . . . . . \$500,000 00**

**Fire and Inland Insurance effected in the Western and Southern States through the "Underwriters' Agency."**

**Benj. S. Walcott, President.**  
**I. Romsen Lane, Secretary.**

# **GERMANIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., 175 BROADWAY.**

**CASH CAPITAL, . . . . . \$500,000 00**  
**SURPLUS, Jan. 1, 1866, . . . . . 205,989 83**

**TOTAL ASSETS, . . . . . \$705,989 83**

**M. HILGER, Pres.**  
**RUD. GARRIGUE, Vice-Pres.**

**JOHN EDW. KAHL, Secretary.**

## **The Great Family Sewing Machine.**

## **GROVER & BAKER'S**

**HIGHEST PREMIUM**

**ELASTIC STITCH SEWING MACHINES,**

**495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**

## **WHEELER & WILSON**

**HIGHEST PREMIUM**

**LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE AND BUTTON-HOLE MACHINE.**

**625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**

## **FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.**

**THE BEST IN THE WORLD.**

Received the Highest Premium—GOLD MEDAL—at the late Exhibition of the American Institute.

**THEY MAKE THE LOCK STITCH**—They never lose a stitch or snarl—the tension is self-adjustable and of no trouble; it is **THE ONLY MACHINE** having the

## **REVERSIBLE FEED MOVEMENT,**

which enables the operator to have the work run either from right to left or left to right; it securely fastens the seam at any desired place, and is, above all, the least liable to get out of order, and its simplicity enables the most inexperienced to operate on it.

This Machine makes, if desired for special work, four distinct stitches, each stitch being alike on both sides of the fabric.

The attention and examination of buyers is especially called to the superior merits of the Florence Sewing Machine.

## **FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.,**

**Salesroom and Warehouse, 505 Broadway.**

## **EMPIRE DEPOT OF GAMES.**

**GAMES OF ALL KINDS FOR PARLOR, LAWN, AND FIELD,**

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.**

## **A. B. SWIFT & CO.,**

**47 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.**

## **AUNT SALLY,**

**THE NEW ENGLISH OUT-DOOR GAME, AND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF**

## **CROQUET,**

**FOR PARLOR AND LAWN.**

Base Ball and Archery Implements, Indian Clubs, Dumb-Bells, etc., etc. A great variety of Parlor Amusements—Beziue and Boston Games, Squalls, Solitaire, Cribbage, Chess, and Backgammon Boards. Fine Playing Cards, Chips, and Counters. The "New England" and "Salem Games." A full line of L. Prang & Co.'s Publications. Wholesale Agents for Harold Bros.' Mosaic Alphabet Blocks. Catalogues sent by mail.

## **KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE!**

**EQUAL TO JAVA!**

**HALF THE PRICE!**

**GOES TWICE AS FAR!**

Recommended and used by CLERGYMEN, PHYSICIANS, and PROFESSIONAL MEN as the Cheapest, Healthiest, and Best Beverage in the World!

Specially recommended by

**Bishop Janes,**

and nearly all the Bishops and Clergymen of the M. E. Church. Also by

**Dr. Irenæus Prime,**

editor of the New York Observer, and by

**Dr. Thomas A. Upham,**

of Bowdoin College, Maine, and

**Rev. Dr. Bushnell,**

of Hartford. By the

**N. Y. Eye Infirmary.**

(It can be used alone, or, if preferable, one-third of Java mixed with two-thirds of KENT'S EAST INDIA will make finer Coffee than Java alone, and destroy the nervous effect of the latter.)

## **For Sale by all Grocers North and South.**

The Trade supplied through the New York City Wholesale Grocers, or direct from the Manufactory, 154 Reade Street, New York.

**RICHARD DAVIES**

Proprietor and General Wholesale Dealer in Teas and Coffees.

**S-T-1860-X.**

# **DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.**

They purify, strengthen, and invigorate.

They create a healthy appetite.

They are an antidote to change of water and diet.

They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.

They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.

They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.

They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.

They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.

They cure Diarrhea, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus.

They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels, and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

**P. H. DRAKE & CO.,**

**21 Park Row, New York.**

## **THE LANCHAM HOTEL,**

**PORTLAND PLACE, WEST, LONDON, ENGLAND.**

This Establishment (one of the largest in the world) is now under the management of

**MR. JAMES M. SANDERSON,**

formerly of the Brevoort House and New York Hotels, and lately chief commissary of the First United States Army Corps.

## **Foreign Postage Stamps.**

A gentleman having a collection of over twenty-five hundred in Lallier's Album, is desirous of disposing of it. Also many thousand duplicates—100 different—including rare French Republic, old Austrian, Black English, Venetian, Greek, Russian etc., for \$1. Send 10 cents for catalogue.

**J. C. WALTERS, Bay City, Mich.**

## **KALDENBERG & SON,**

**THE ONLY MANUFACTURERS OF GENUINE**

## **MEERSCHAUM PIPES**

**IN THE UNITED STATES,**

**6 John Street, near Broadway.**

**PORTRAITS, INITIALS, ETC., CUT ON PIPES.**

**A large and select stock now on hand.**

**\* \* Special attention given to Orders from the Country.**

**Repairing, Boiling, Mounting, etc., are a specialty with us.**

## **PHELPS, JEWETT & CO.,**

**MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN**

**CABINET FURNITURE,**

**CHAIRS, DESKS,**

**MATTRESSES, SPRING BEDS, ETC.,**

**AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,**

**264 AND 266 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK.**

**FURNITURE AND CHAIRS FOR SHIPPING.**

**FIFTY PER CENT. SAVED**

**BY USING**

## **B. T. BABBITT'S LABOR-SAVING SOAP.**

This soap is made from pure and clean materials, CONTAINING NO ADULTERATION of any kind, will not injure the most delicate fabric, and is especially adapted for woolens, which will not shrink after being washed with this soap. It may be used in hard or salt water. It will remove paint, grease, tar, and stains of all kinds. One pound warranted equal to two pounds of ordinary family soap. Directions sent with each bar for making three gallons handsome soft soap from one pound of this soap. Each bar is wrapped in a circular containing full directions for use, printed in English and German. Ask your grocer for "B. T. Babbitt's Soap," and take no other.

**B. T. BABBITT,**

**64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington St., N. Y.**

## **WHITE LEAD.**

**THE ATLANTIC WHITE LEAD AND LINSEED OIL COMPANY,**

of New York, Manufacturers of Pure White Lead, Dry and in Oil, Red Lead, Litharge, Glassmakers' Red Lead, etc.

Also Linseed Oil, Raw, Boiled, and Refined.

For sale by druggists and dealers generally, and by

**ROBERT COLGATE & CO.,**

**General Agents, 287 Pearl Street, New York.**



## BOOKS FOR THE STUDY OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES

## LEYPOLDT &amp; HOLT,

451 BROOME STREET, NEW YORK,

Publish the GRAMMARS and various other WORKS USED at

Harvard University, Michigan University,  
Trinity College,  
Vassar Female College, etc., etc.

Their list includes OTTO'S FRENCH AND GERMAN GRAMMARS, CUORE'S ITALIAN GRAMMAR, and an assortment of TALES, PLAYS, HISTORIES, ETC., with ANNOTATIONS and VOCABULARIES.

BELLENGER & WITCOMB'S GUIDE TO MODERN CONVERSATION IN FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

SADLER'S COURSE DE VERSIONS; EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATING ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.

KRAUSS'S INTRODUCTORY GERMAN GRAMMAR.

FOLLEN'S GERMAN READER.

MESSRS. LEYPOLDT & HOLT also are agents for the TAUCHNITZ and TUBNER CLASSICS. Catalogues and specimen books at reduced price furnished on application. A liberal deduction made on orders from schools.

## MARGARET HOSMER'S NEW BOOK.

## TEN YEARS OF A LIFETIME.

By the author of "The Morrisons."

The Publisher takes great pleasure in announcing to the public a new work of fiction by the author of "The Morrisons." That work stamped her at once as one of the first novelists, and the appreciation of the work in England was scarcely less general or enthusiastic than the welcome accorded to it in this country.

It will be sufficient to say to the Trade that the present work will be produced in the same attractive shape as the former, and form a volume of 423 pages. Price \$1 75.

Now Ready, a New Edition of

## THE MORRISONS.

A Story of Domestic Life. By Mrs. Margaret Hosmer.

1 vol. 12mo, cloth, price \$1 75.

M. DOOLADY,

448 Broome Street, New York.

## ROUND TABLE FILES.

READ WITH COMFORT. PRESERVE YOUR COPIES.

THE ROUND TABLE FILE is a very convenient arrangement for preserving the paper for binding. A fresh supply has just been received at this office.

Out of town subscribers can receive the File by mail or by express.

Price at the office, \$2 00.

## THE ROUND TABLE,

132 Nassau Street, New York.

## WANTED.

An assistant is required in a Publishing House whose entire attention shall be devoted to the interests of a Monthly Magazine. It is desirable that the party shall have some knowledge of the Publishing Business as a qualification for the position offered. Apply by letter only to S. W. JOHNSTON, Treasurer of American News Co., New York, stating qualifications and submitting references. Answers will be made on or before October 1, 1866.

## THE SUMMER BOOK.

## CRUMBS

FROM

## THE ROUND TABLE.

## A FEAST FOR EPICURES.

By JOSEPH BARBER ("J. B." of THE ROUND TABLE).

12mo, gilt top, \$1 00.

The "CRUMBS" selected comprise "The Aesthetics of Epicureanism," "Breakfast," "Spring Fish," "The Fruits of June," "Dinner among the Ancients," "Dinner among the Moderns," "A Few Words about Puddings," "Vegetarians and Vegetables," "Fishing," "The Stream"—a poem, "Supper," "October—Sentimentally and Sensuously Considered," "The Poetry of Good Cheer," "Savory Stanzas for November," "Epigastric Poetry," "A Thanksgiving Rhapsody," "By the Brookside in May."

These gastronomic and piscatorial essays have been very popular with the readers of THE ROUND TABLE, and it is believed that they will be still more admired when gathered into permanent form.

LEYPOLDT &amp; HOLT, Publishers,

451 Broome Street, New York.

## NEW SCHOOL BOOKS.

## Monteith's Physical and Intermediate Geography. In two parts.

Part I. Geography taught as a science; written and illustrated on the plan of object teaching.

Part II. Local and civil geography; containing maps remarkable for their clearness, an improved system of map exercises, and a pronouncing vocabulary of geographical names.

By James Monteith, author of "A Series of School Geographies." Pp. 91, royal quarto, price \$1 60.

Jarvis's Primary Physiology. For Schools. By Edward Jarvis, M.D. 168 pp., 18mo, 75 cents.

Jarvis's Physiology and Laws of Health. For the use of Schools, Academies, and Colleges. By Edward Jarvis, M.D. 427 pp., 12mo, \$1 50.

Fowle's False Orthography. In which the Orthography and Meaning of many thousand Words most liable to be misspelled and misused are impressed upon the memory by a regular Series of Written Exercises. By William B. Fowle. 144 pp., 12mo, 35 cents.

Fowle's Bible Reader. Being a new selection of Reading Lessons from the Holy Scriptures, for the use of Schools and Families. 233 pp., 12mo, \$1 00.

Ledru's French Grammar. A comprehensive Grammar of the French Language, with practical Exercises for Writing, and very complete and simple Rules for Pronouncing the Language. Pp. 280, 12mo, \$1 00.

Ledru's French Fables. Fables in the French Language, for the use of beginners in the study. Pp. 120, 12mo, 75 cents.

Ledru's French Reader. The French First Class Book; being a New selection of Reading Lessons, in Four Parts, viz.:

- I. Authentic Pieces in Prose.
- II. Prose Comedies of Moliere. Abridged.
- III. Choice Pieces in Verse.
- IV. Abridged Dramas and Scenes in Verse.

By Francois Ledru. Pp. 238, 12mo, \$1 00.

Fowle's Principles of Linear and Perspective Drawing. For the Training of the Eye and Hand. Adapted for the use of Public and Private Schools. By William B. Fowle. Pp. 94, 12mo, 50 cents.

Fowle's Teacher's Institute; or, Familiar Hints to Young Teachers. By William B. Fowle. Pp. 258, 12mo, \$1 50.

Jewell on School Government. A Practical Treatise, presenting a thorough discussion of its Facts, Principles, and their applications; with Critiques upon Current Theories of Punishment and Schemes of Administration. For the use of Normal Schools, Practical Teachers, and Parents. By Frederick S. Jewell, A.M., Professor of English Literature, New York State Normal School, Albany. Pp. 308, 12mo, \$1 50.

The publishers will send the "Illustrated Educational Bulletin" (quarterly), embracing matter of general interest to the profession, free of charge, to all applicants.

## A. S. BARNES &amp; CO.,

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHERS,

111 and 113 William Street, New York.

## CHOICE BOOKS.

## WIDDLETON, Publisher,

17 MERCER STREET (NEAR HOWARD), NEW YORK.

PROFESSOR WILSON'S NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ. Edited, with Notes, by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. A handsome Library edition, with Portraits. 6 vols. Including Life of Prof. Wilson, by Mrs. Gordon. \$13 50.

PRÆD'S POEMS. (Winthrop Mackworth Praed). With Memoir by Rev. Derwent Coleridge, and Steel Portrait. 2 vols., crown 8vo. \$4 50.

THE INGOLDSDY LEGENDS OF MIRTH AND MARVEL. By Thomas Ingoldsey, Esq. (the Rev. Richard Harris Barham), with a Memoir. From the tenth English edition, with 16 illustrations by Cruikshank and Leach. 2 vols., crown 8vo. \$4 50.

BOX GAULTIER'S BOOK OF BALLADS. By W. E. Aytoun and Theodore Martin. With illustrations. Small 8vo, cloth. \$1 50.

LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS. By William E. Aytoun. 1 vol., crown 8vo. \$2 25.

SYDNEY SMITH'S WIT AND WISDOM. Selections from his Writings, and Passages of his Letters and Table-Talk. With steel Portrait, a Memoir, and Notes. By E. A. Duyckinck. Crown 8vo. \$2 25.

HALLAM'S WORKS. The complete works of Henry Hallam, LL.D., from the last London edition, revised by the author. The most accurate and elegant edition extant. 10 vols., crown 8vo. Comprising: Middle Ages, 3 vols., \$6 75; Literature of Europe, 4 vols., \$9; Constitutional History of England, 3 vols., \$6 75; or, in uniform sets, complete, \$22 50.

MAY'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the accession of George III. to 1860. By Thomas Erskine May, C.B. 2 vols., crown 8vo. \$4 50. A continuation of Hallam's great work—tracing the progress and development of the British Constitution during an entire century.

LAMB. ESSAYS OF ELIA. Elegant edition. 1 vol., crown 8vo. \$2 25.

LAMB. ELIANA. The hitherto uncollected Writings of Charles Lamb. 1 vol., crown 8vo. \$2 25.

CHARLES LAMB'S COMPLETE WORKS. Corrected and revised, with Portrait. The most elegant edition published. 5 vols. \$11 25.

DISRAELI. CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE. With a View of the Life of the Author, by his Son. 4 vols., crown 8vo. \$9.

DISRAELI. AMENITIES OF LITERATURE. Sketches and Characters of English Literature. Edited by his Son, the Right Hon. B. Disraeli. 2 vols., crown 8vo. \$4 50.

BURTON. ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY. A choice edition, corrected and enriched by translations of the numerous classical extracts. By Democritus Minor. 3 vols., crown 8vo. \$6 75.

Our books are kept in stock by the Principal Booksellers throughout the country, and sent by mail by publisher on receipt of price.

## WILLIAM V. SPENCER,

203 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

WILL SHORTLY PUBLISH

## PATRIOTISM AT HOME; OR, THE YOUNG INVINCIBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRED. FREELAND."

One vol. 16mo. Price \$1 50. With four illustrations from original designs by Champney.

## CONTENTS:

- CHAP. I. Youthful Patriots.
- II. A Slight Dash of Cold Water.
- III. An Old Man with a Young Heart.
- IV. A Young Boy with an Old Head.
- V. The Colonel makes a Proposition.
- VI. The Colonel and his Wife.
- VII. Mother and Son.
- VIII. George makes a Promise.
- IX. War Meeting.
- X. Tom Sprightly and Booby Chickens.
- XI. The Young Invincibles.
- XII. Neighborly Duties.
- XIII. The Advancement of the "Invincibles."
- XIV. Mason and Slidell.
- XV. Uncle Bill's Story.
- XVI. The Freshet.
- XVII. A Dangerous Passage.
- XVIII. Tom goes to the Rescue.
- XIX. The House of Mourning.
- XX. The Orphans.
- XXI. Reception of Gen Howard.
- XXII. The "Launching."
- XXIII. The Wrestling Match.
- XXIV. Crazy Philip.
- XXV. The "Invincibles" show Fight.
- XXVI. The Pirate Tacony.
- XXVII. Conclusion.

The above will be published on heavy paper, in handsome binding, and will form a volume similar in style to the Army and Navy Stories by Oliver Optic. Orders from the trade will be promptly filled, at the usual discount.

## RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

## Essays:

PHILOSOPHICAL AND THEOLOGICAL. By James Martineau. Crown 8vo, \$2 50.

## Hospital Life in the Army of the Potomac.

By Wm. Howell Reed. Nearly ready. 16mo, \$1 25.

## Manual of the Evidences of Christianity.

FOR CLASSES AND PRIVATE READING. By Stephen G. Bulfinch, D.D. 12mo, \$1 25.

## Kitty Barton.

A SIMPLE STORY FOR CHILDREN. 60 cents.

Copies of either of the above, or any book published in the United States, sent by mail free of postage on receipt of the retail price.

Libraries supplied on most favorable terms.

## THE ROUND TABLE:

A SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND ART.

THE ROUND TABLE is established for the unflinching discussion of the subjects named in its title. Its purpose is to be utterly fearless and untrammelled in forming its opinions, and to collect the most brilliant and scholarly writers in the country to give them expression. Some may occasionally be displeased by the tone and spirit wherein this is done, but we beg all such to consider—in the words of Mr. Ruskin—how much less harm is done in the world by ungraceful boldness than by untimely fear.

THE ROUND TABLE is independent in politics, and it will not hesitate to condemn or to sustain such men or measures of whatever sect, clique, or party as may seem to the editors to be from time to time in a position of antagonism or otherwise to the material interests either of the metropolitan community or to those of the whole common country.

THE ROUND TABLE exists to serve the public—not individuals, and contributors are requested to avoid personal puffery and animadversion of every kind. Vigorous writers and able special correspondents are regularly employed, but the columns of the paper are open to merit, let it come whence it may.

Articles may be sent through any channel, but we will hold no personal explanations or discussions respecting them; moreover, we must decline henceforward to return unaccepted MS., and to this rule we will make no exception.

## RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year, . . . \$6 00 in advance.

One copy, six months, . . . 3 00 in advance.

Single copies, 15 cents.

Ten copies to one address, one year, \$40 00 in advance.

To Clergymen and Teachers, one year, 4 00 in advance.

The postage on THE ROUND TABLE is FIVE CENTS a quarter of a year, if paid in advance, either at the mailing office or office of delivery. Subscribers will please bear this in mind, and arrange for the postage on the paper at the office at which they receive it.

Circulars and Specimen Copies mailed when applied for. THE ROUND TABLE is delivered by carrier in New York and Brooklyn without extra charge.

Persons ordering subscriptions will please remit by postal money orders. Address all communications to

## THE ROUND TABLE,

132 Nassau Street, New York.